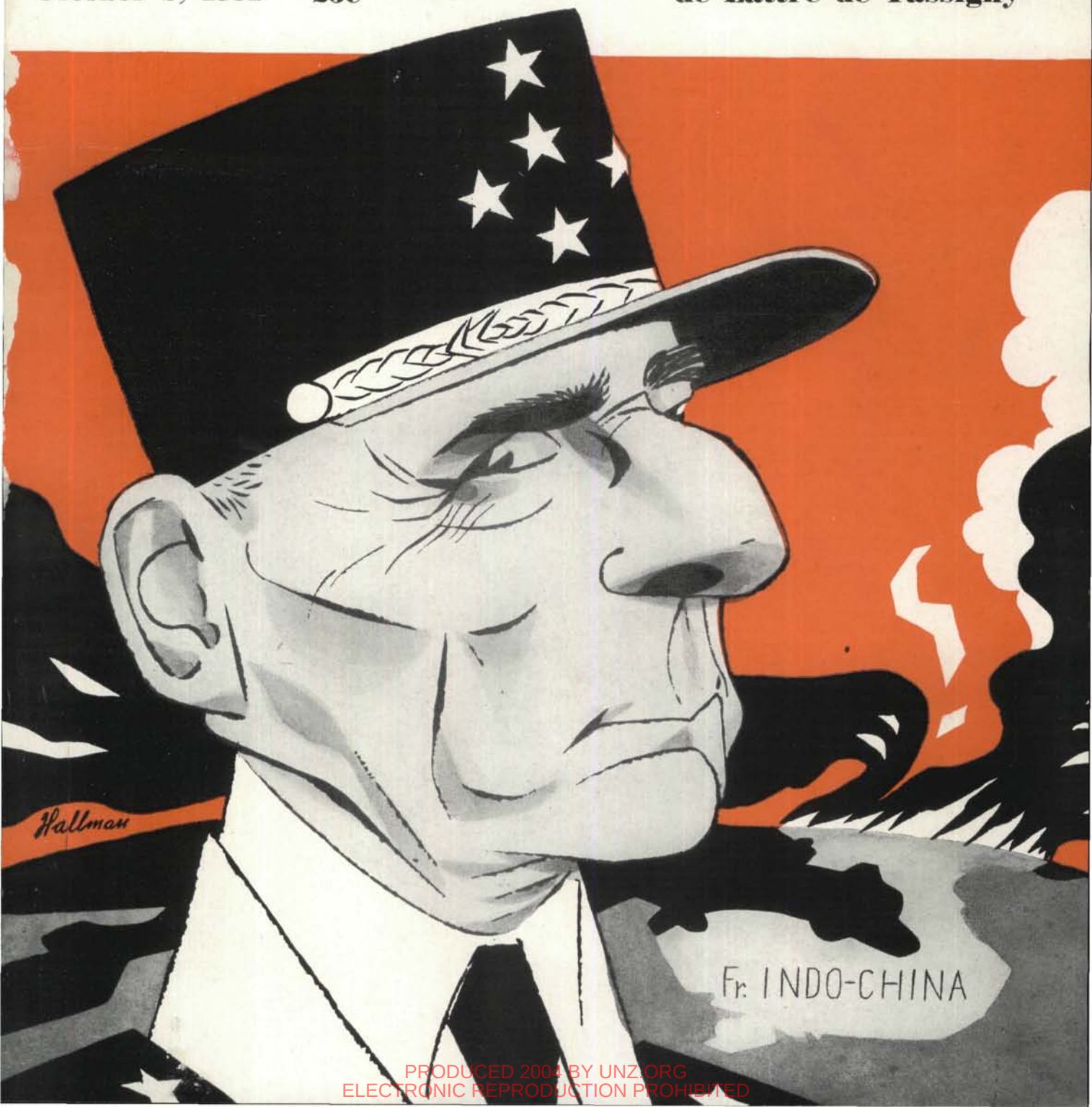
What Next in Asia?

The Reporter

October 2, 1951 25c

de Lattre de Tassigny



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Indo-China: In the marketplaces

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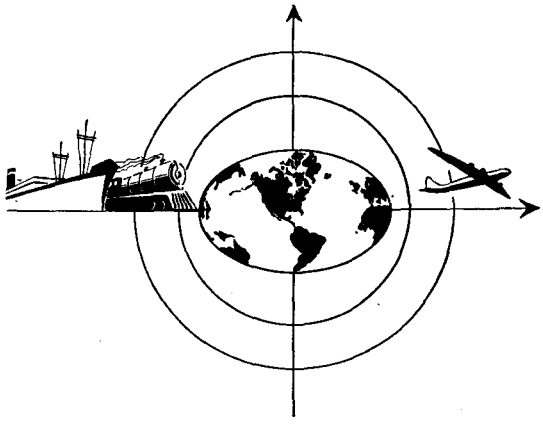

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

SECRETARY ACHESON . . .

When American ingenuity got TV functioning right across the continent there happened to be something at the western end worth looking at. In normal times the publicity men would have celebrated with starlets on some Pacific beach; times of stress bring their compensations: The cameras worked on the San Francisco conference. The cameras showed the President of the United States and Gromyko —and the comic Pole and the Czech lady who was the third on the losing Communist team; they showed the representatives of the forty-nine nations who stood for peace; they showed John Foster Dulles in an hour of deserved personal triumph (if the Japanese treaty can be a triumph for anyone); and they showed the man under whose direct orders Mr. Dulles had acted: Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

Before Secretary Acheson took over as presiding officer, our correspondents tell us, the conference was nervous and uncertain as it awaited and feared what the Communists might do. Secretary Acheson sat in the chair and before long the conference knew that the Communists could do nothing that would alter the Secretary's calm, or confuse his purpose, or prevail against his determination. The conference knew it; Gromyko and the Pole and the Czech knew it; Americans all across the continent watching their TV screens knew it. After it was all over President Truman said that the Secretary had shown himself to be "smarter" than his critics. The President could have put it more strongly.

. . . AND HIS HELPER

Another man who must be complimented for the smoothness and expedition with which the San Francisco conference settled its business is the man who wasn't there—the Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Asia's greatest non-Communist nation, Pandit Nehru. If Nehru had decided to send a delegation to San Francisco, its presence might have made the debate wide-open and free-swinging. India certainly would have created a break in the solid front of the non-Communist nations that Gromyko's sullen oratory might conceivably have widened.

Instead Nehru decided, to paraphrase Woodrow Wilson, that India was "too proud to fight" against a treaty it deplored. By combining, in his own inimitable fashion, moral indignation with absenteeism from the work at hand, Nehru made the job of the conference chairman a good deal easier and also contributed notably to what seems to be a necessary, even if a regrettable, job—the reduction to size of the myth of Pandit Nehru.

THE LIE AND THE CAUSE

We have been reading the hearings of the Tydings committee, which first investigated the charges that the McCarran committee is now re-investigating, and we have marked a passage that we wish had got a little space in the press, alongside the prominent stories devoted to the accusations of ex-Communists. In this passage, Senator Theodore Green of Rhode Island seems to be trying to get at the attitudes of the Communists, or the ex-Communists, toward the truth:

"*Senator Green:* I should think that it would be very difficult, after being an active Communist for ten years, or even a less time, and learning their ways, their attitude towards the truth, put it that way, to change back to your original attitude before you became a Communist . . . I don't mean to imply it is impossible, but all I said, it should be very difficult to change to a different attitude of mind.

[*Louis*] *Budenz:* It is not, because you understand, Senator, a Communist tells the truth except for the cause.

Senator Green: You mean, when you lose your confidence in the cause, you wouldn't lie for the cause, but if you believe in some other great cause, the same frame of mind might shift your lying for the cause.

Mr. Budenz: You have a check there.

Senator Green: What is that?

Mr. Budenz: You have learned already, (1) the fallacy of the Leninist morality. I mean, you have learned it vividly, what a degrading morality it is. You have learned thereby one of the revolts against it. Secondly, you have also had certain instruments at hand, namely—well, in my case, people have different instruments but in my case the Catholic sacrament. In other words, I am able to say that after all I am a different man than five years ago.

Senator Green: Admitting all that, I should think it will be difficult to change from one type of mind to another. For instance, a child is brought up gradually and finds that lying is wrong, and it becomes abhorrent to him. Now, later in life, not talking about an individual, but in generalities, he has to learn that for a great cause which is above the ordinary questions of morality, it is right to lie because that justifies it, and I should think it would be very hard to lay that aside, if you were interested in some other great cause, it might be religion, it might be socialism, and not think it was justifiable to lie for that. That is my point."

We think the Senator has a point, and we wish we hadn't had to dig it out of the Government Printing Office.

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CORRESPONDENCE

RIGHT TO BE WRONG

To the Editor: I disagree rather bluntly with the brief item in "The Reporter's Notes" of the September 4 issue which deals with "honor" and the recent so-called scandal at West Point.

The implication seems to be that since the honor system is not perfect, it should be discarded. This does not follow in my book, for the simple reason that the only known alternatives to the honor system are morally degrading since they assume the guilt (i.e. desire of the student to cheat) of the person before it is proved; concentrate on the negative aspect of the situation rather than the positive; and are really not as effective as they might seem to be after all.

The honor system, sir, is one of the ways in which our schools can recognize their students as mature adults. Even though, in many cases, the expectation proceeds the fulfillment, how else does the process of education proceed?

As you have gathered, I disagree with your stand on this particular issue but, if you will pardon the expression. I am willing to defend with my bank account your right to be wrong. Enclosed find my check to cover a subscription to your excellent publication, which has no rivals as far as I am concerned for honest, accurate, and *complete* coverage.

DWIGHT BROWN
Executive Vice President
Ohio Junior Chamber of Commerce
Columbus, Ohio

NON-SKEDS AGAIN

To the Editor: It's all very well for David Kenyon Webster to earn his living as a writer by giving a highly exaggerated account of a trip across country by nonscheduled airline ("Madman, I Love You"—*The Reporter,* August 21), but I am surprised that as sound a magazine as *The Reporter* would use such a story before determining whether it is either accurate or typical.

Webster's story, if it's meant to exemplify non-sked travel, is certainly more fiction than fact, as the thousands who travel by non-sked, as I do, will testify. Although most non-sked transportation is not luxurious and omits the frills of first-class travel, it is both comfortable and safe. (In fact, non-sked planes, without a single fatality in two years, have a better safety record than the scheduled lines.)

With regard to Webster's allegations about ticket agents, I think it is only fair to the nonscheduled airlines to point out that they have put on a vigorous and effective campaign to stop any misrepresentation of services which some of the less ethical agents have engaged in. The non-skeds have done this by establishing an advertising code for the Irregular Airline Industry and refusing to approve those agents who violate it. Already two of the most flagrant violators have gone out of business. As a matter of fact, the Civil Aeronautics Board must bear a fair share of the blame for a situation which permits the existence of unethical ticket agents, since the CAB denies to the non-skeds practically all advertising.

Finally, I would expect to see *The Reporter* encouraging such an important development in aviation as the small independent airlines, which have for the first time made travel by air possible for the great majority of Americans. In so doing they have offered a really effective blow to monopoly in the air, and thereby strengthened our democratic way of life.

NATHALIE PANEK
Washington

[*For an equally spirited defense of non-scheduled airlines, Miss Panek is advised to consult the letter of Eric Smith in the September 18 Correspondence columns of* The Reporter.—*The Editors.*]

LAURELS FOR BARTH

To the Editor: Congratulations are due *The Reporter* and Alan Barth, author of the article, "McCarran's Monopoly" in your August 21 issue. Barth has brilliantly described the manner in which unfair procedures, abhorrent to our American tradition of freedom and fair play, are being utilized to curb civil liberties. I hope your readers will obtain, as I did, from Barth's article the scope of injury that is being done to the nation—and our security—by the refusal to permit the Nimitz Commission to get on with its task of studying how to seek the wisest balance between national security and individual freedom.

PATRICK MURPHY MALIN
Executive Director,
American Civil Liberties Union
New York City

SOGGY CLIMES

To the Editor: One function *The Reporter* performs is to sustain readers in one-newspaper areas where news comes through heavily slanted, and opinions are those of "editors," David Lawrence, W. Pegler, Associated Press men, and Dorothy Thompson.

Of the latter group, I enclose a good sample of D. Thompson's newspaper column. McCarthyism is just politics, she says, and tit-for-tat. I send this to you because Dorothy Thompson got into *The Reporter*—to our consternation here. What next in *The Reporter*—Lawrence, Pegler, George Sokolsky?

Of course Dorothy Thompson, writing for you, knows she has readers with savvy and, shall we say, editors with savvy. She wouldn't try to palm off on you that McCarthyism is just tit-for-tat. If she reads *The Reporter* as I do, she would know very well that McCarthyism is strictly subpolitical.

Why not keep on being a dry light for those who live in soggy climes?

ABNER LEAR
Hyannis, Massachusetts

LAND REFORM

To the Editor: In the September 4 *Reporter* Lewis Galantière makes valuable recommendations in "What Ails U.S. Propaganda?" He gets down to brass tacks and mentions some positive approaches for the Voice of America, among them the problem of land reform.

But what worries me is that there is so little understanding or agreement on the definition of land reform. Even our college economists are divided on this.

Who are the western nations to preach land reform when they do not practice it? Landlords are sacred cows in western countries, Denmark excepted. Look at England, Ireland, Italy, and even the United States, where landowners are protected by our taxing systems, resulting in land speculation, slums, and a drain on the "little man" for whom Galantière is so solicitous. And another thing, are we to propose small one-family farms to the Philippines, Korea, Indo-China et al. in this day of mechanized farming? Is this the whole answer to land reform? Is petty peasantry, unorganized agriculture, the future hope? It is one thing to "win millions of men over to our side" by promising land reforms and quite another to know how to do it without repeating past mistakes. I hope the Voice won't go off half cocked on land reform.

ANNE E. GILSON
Montclair, New Jersey

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

The signing of the Japanese peace treaty, much as it accomplished, did not wipe out the other severe problems which the United States and its allies face in the turbulent Far East. To some of these—the dragging war in Indo-China, the stalemated negotiations in Korea, the preservation and growth of democracy in Japan—we turn our attention in this issue.

S. L. A. Marshall, military analyst for the Detroit *News,* contributes frequently to the *The Reporter.* . . . **Robert Shaplen** writes a syndicated column and contributes to *The New Yorker, Collier's,* and other magazines. . . . **Hessell Tiltman** was chief correspondent of the London *Daily Herald* in Japan. . . . **William H. Hessler,** author of *Operation Survival,* writes for the Cincinnati *Enquirer.* . . . **Theodore Draper** is a historian and journalist. . . . **William S. Fairfield** is a Washington newspaperman and frequent contributor to *The Reporter.* . . . **Allen Raymond** is a veteran foreign correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* and other papers. . . . **William Shannon** writes from Washington for the New York *Post.* . . . **Don Mankiewicz** is author of the recent novel *See How They Run.* . . . Cover by **Hallman;** photographs from Black Star and Magnum.

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The Riddle of Kaesong: Prelude to Battle?

COLONEL S. L. A. MARSHALL

About a week after two patrols of generals began their oral hostilities at Kaesong, a Pentagon colonel from the Intelligence Division marred an otherwise unblemished record by saying out loud, in the presence of reporters, what he really felt inside.

His message was that we are a nation of chumps. He said that we had quit a battle just as we were about to drive a weak enemy into the sea. Then he added that we are dealing with a crew of stinkers who would double-cross us at the bat of an eye, and that while we held hands around the peace table, they were pouring fresh shot and blood into their battle line.

The colonel's views were promptly disowned by high official sources, and the indignant denials almost beat his blast to the press wire. In the end, nothing came of the matter except the colonel's personal mortification.

What has happened since gives cause mainly for regret that the colonel had to suffer for straying from the party line instead of getting the D.S.M. for candor. His conclusions may have been premature, but they were hardly exaggerated.

In unsweetened language, General Matthew Ridgway has denounced the enemy's lack of good faith. The early accent in our intelligence reports upon the weakness of the Communist army has given way to chilling emphasis upon the build-up to seventy divisions, the arrival of new armor, and the use of formations from Europe. The calendar has given its verdict impartially against the Pollyannas along the Potomac who said in early summer that the road to peace would be open within three days and the conservatives who forecast that it would take up to six weeks to make technical arrangements for a cease-fire.

The cease-fire blossom was quickly blighted. Now that autumn leaves are falling, and the Eighth Army once again is looking to its long underwear, the only plausible excuse which may be given for these giddily excessive expectations is that it was an abnormally hot summer in Washington.

But there was never any good reason for believing that the Communists would come to the Kaesong table with clean and empty palms, honestly seeking an armistice on equal terms looking to a Korean peace settlement.

The Peace Table as a Weapon

On the record of Communist negotiations since the time of Brest Litovsk, when an unknown named Stalin first got his name into the public record, and on the basis of any realistic measurement of their military situation in Korea, the one logical assumption was that they would use the table tactically, toward our confusion, just as they would maneuver troops to gain their object in war. That is what they have done and will continue to do. Conciliation, as we know it, is not in their book.

That is the possible dividend from Kaesong. One more bad experience may have driven this lesson part way into our heads, though our national faith in the innate decency of other peoples dies slowly. What happens in the weeks ahead will not alter or shade the basic proposition. The other side may change tactics, smoke straight cigaret holders, and smile blandly. The conference may be moved from Kaesong to a neutral ship in the hope that tempers will be cooled by sea air. The puppet generals may acquiesce in a cease-fire and then stall against its operational provisions. Whatever the maneuver, it will have a military object, and the ultimate aim will be the total defeat of the United Nations cause in the Far East.

The question is prompted, why did the Communists choose to play the heavy role from the outset? They might have sucked us in by agreeing amicably to a cease-fire, then sitting tight on the peninsula and shaking off every bid to final negotiations. The answer that they came to Kaesong believing they were military victors doesn't stand close examination. The Red generals couldn't have been duped by their own propaganda. They knew the bad state of their armies, drained in that hour of offensive power.

But again, their every action must be judged as a maneuver. There were solid advantages in the course they took.

In the beginning, our ever-hopeful General Staff overweighted the fact that the Communists agreed to a parley in that particular season. Midsummer is storm and flood time in

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Korea, and about three days in four are overcast. Air power is grounded much of the time. Fords become torrents. The mobility of a motorized army is thus comparatively lessened, while a mass supplied by muscle power can slog ahead, relieved from its fear of the threat from the skies. It seemed therefore that when the Communists agreed to a hiatus in their most favorable fighting season, they meant to quit. In any event, it was a break for General Van Fleet's army.

But the Communist hand was weak because the army behind the Communist delegation was in bad repair, starved of supply, and short of manpower as a result of the ill-gauged spring offensives. Speedy agreement on a cease-fire would have closed the border to any reinforcement, leaving the power balance within the peninsula heavily in favor of the U.N. side. The Communists therefore had to block proceedings to provide time for the military build-up and to move the war closer to the winter.

The boundary issue, though the seeming cause of deadlock, was incidental to the object. Had General Ridgway agreed in the first week to move troops back to the 38th Parallel, it is probable that the Communists would have hardened on some other point, to continue the present twilight between war and peace into the autumn. This fact does not reduce the importance of the boundary issue. A cease-fire at the price of backing away from the present battle line would have scuttled the U.N. cause. If General Ridgway's firmness on that point and the general vigor of his language are not as alarming to the Communists as they are heartening to free peoples, it is because neither side listens well.

Air Interdiction

Our Air Force is still there. The enemy convoys still must move southward along the main roads, and the bombers still strike at every favorable opportunity. It might appear, therefore, that the air problem of interdicting the forward movement of enemy columns during the Kaesong interval has been little different than in other stages of the war.

Quite apart from the heavy weather, which is the lesser factor, there is one radical change in the situation. As the casualty lists show, the land battle these past two months had been slowed to about one-tenth of its power potential. This slowdown makes all the difference in the effectiveness of the air contribution.

When supply and support columns are being rushed forward to assist troops in a going battle, they must get there in time or lose a war by excess caution. Taking additional chances because of the lack of alternative, they become increasingly vulnerable to attack from the air.

But when the pressure is off, and the front in no danger of collapse, they can put self-security foremost, move only at night or when covered by weather, employ natural cover on clear days, and move into reserve positions at such time as they cannot be seen. Kaesong, in effect, took the pressure off the enemy rear. The extent of the enemy build-up, as described by Tokyo headquarters, is probably not exaggerated. Korean operations should be teaching us more than a little about the limitations of air power.

This reading of the situation may make it sound as if we have handed the Communists a bonus for being unscrupulous. But it is a fair bet that they will not be able to cash it. We suffer occasionally from our failures to read the Communist mind, being unwilling to give it full credit for its unremitting deviousness and unalloyed deception. But the Communists have no black magic which enables them to fathom the thoughts and emotions of their present opposition.

They have not improved their relative position one whit by maneuvering a power build-up at this stage and stalling the war until the breath of winter is on the Eighth Army's neck unless by so doing they can bluff and bully the United States and its allies into accepting less favorable terms in Korea than a true reckoning of our military position there and elsewhere would warrant. There isn't yet a sign that our seconds are reaching for the towel, and it must make the Reds very unhappy. Their troops don't like winter either.

For the Eighth Army, the summer lull has been somewhat of a blessing in disguise. About half of the present combat force is composed of recently arrived replacements. Taking that many seasoned men out of line for rotation would have been a reckless venture in the middle of an eight-cylinder war. But thanks to Kaesong, the newcomers have gotten their chance to become gradually inured to fighting in much the same way that our First World War doughboys got their second wind on the quiet front north of Toul.

Our Own Build-Up

However, it is in the position itself that the great gain has been made. During the first year, there was nothing solid about the Eighth Army except its spirit. The war was fought in a bowling alley, and the movement back and forth was so constant that the engineers could do little for the infantry except get out of their way. There was never time to build true defensive works. Transportation was so short that barbed wire, trip flares, and antipersonnel mines were almost never seen at the front. In the best circumstances, the infantryman was protected only by a waist-deep foxhole. Much of the time, even on the defense, he was fighting in the open, a soft mark for any fire coming his way.

Just before Kaesong, the Eighth Army came to rest on a line suitable for strong defensive organization. It has been spared the time in which to do the necessary construction, putting its men behind works, getting wires and mines laid, setting demolitions and illuminating drums where needed, and getting automatic weapons bunkered in along the ridge crests. Further, these battalion hedgehogs, for the first time since the war began, are now plentifully supplied with ammunition and spare weapons. These changes give the

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U.N. front the character of a line of small fortresses. Should full-scale operations again be resumed, our tactics will have a new look, with greater dependence on static fire power and less on get-away mobility.

The reported increase in the Chinese mass does not offset these fresh advantages. Nothing would do so except a concentration on their side of preponderant artillery and air power. Though they have brought seventy divisions into the theater, they cannot keep more than thirty supplied in a continuing battle because of air interdiction and the limits of the road net. On defensive ground of its own choosing, Eighth Army should be able to keep its present front relatively inviolable despite the numerical odds.

But if that is the brighter face of the situation, we are still stuck with it. The Communists are not likely to crash the defensive belt north of Parallel 38; the Eighth Army is less likely to crash out. The force is still too small for its assigned task of defeating Communism in Korea. It has no real maneuverability as an army because the beefing up of any one corps to a level of strength which would enable it to produce envelopment would promote a fatal weakening elsewhere along the line.

Tacticians should take note that this is the first war in history in which armor, over a general front, is employed to space out the otherwise unfillable gaps in what is supposed to be a flankless infantry line. Anti-aircraft weapons are being used for the identical purpose; they are serving virtually as an ersatz infantry body. In this situation, Eighth Army has little choice about its grand tactics. It has none. The only recourse is to inch battalions forward one hill at a time, which is greatly wearing. General Joffre was called a simpleton for saying of his tactics in Artois in 1915: "I nibble them." But the Eighth will perforce continue as a nibbling army.

That is, unless we radically expand our commitments in the Far Eastern war. It is all well and good for Senator Paul Douglas to declare that we should talk peace only when we get to the Yalu River. The Eighth Army will need four more American divisions before it can safely embark on that journey. Should the peace negotiations fail wholly, because we haven't sent those divisions, we may shortly find ourselves expanding the war by bombing into Manchuria because nothing else seems even remotely promising.

Indo-China: the Eleventh Hour

While General de Lattre carries on France's 'crusade,' the people it is supposed to save yearn for independence

ROBERT SHAPLEN

On July 11, a steaming day in Saigon, General of the Army Jean de Lattre de Tassigny took time off from the bitter, costly, and inconclusive battle French and colonial troops have been waging for nearly six years against Communist-led forces in the jungles of Indo-China to address the graduating class of a local high school. The general's speech, a printed version of which was afterward liberally distributed by French information officials, was significantly entitled, "A Call to Vietnamese Youth." In the course of it, de Lattre, who is both a fine showman and a fine general, informed the young Vietnamese: "Not since the crusades has France launched upon such an unselfish undertaking" as the present war it wages in Indo-China.

A few days later, as I sat with the general in the Saigon palace where he performs his dual job as French High Commissioner to Indo-China and army chief, he spoke with deep conviction of the role he believes the French are now playing in the Orient. He reiterated his crusade concept, logically projecting Moscow and Peking as the double enemy and posing his own troops in the front line against Communism in Southeast Asia. He went further, insisting there wasn't an ounce of self-interest left in French aims and intentions.

"We have abandoned entirely our colonial position," he told me. "You must believe me, the work we are doing here is for the salvation of the Vietnamese people."

As I listened to de Lattre, whose only son had recently been killed in a northern battle, it seemed to me the general's tragedy was more than personal, that he brought into relief the whole sorry psychological conflict of the French in Indo-China. Unfortunately, it is also an American tragedy, for the prestige we have lost in all of Asia since August, 1945, by identifying ourselves with the French struggle may, in the final reckoning, prove even more cataclysmic than the actual loss of Indo-China itself.

I was convinced, as de Lattre spoke, every now and then closing his eyes and lifting his long, high-browed, and

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almost ecclesiastic head, that he believed everything he said implicitly. His own role in the fight against Communist imperialism was clear. He did, indeed, feel himself a crusader. But the trouble was that in addressing both the youth of Vietnam and myself he was speaking out of context, with that strange anachronistic quality that is somehow inherently French today, a mixture of revolutionary nostalgia, lost or injured pride, and carefully guarded confusion. He was, above all, forgetting the whole shabby French effort, since 1945, to hang on, to deny that colonialism was bankrupt, or that it could not somehow be satisfactorily "altered"; to deny, thereby, Philippine, Indian, Burmese, and Indonesian postwar independence.

What Salvation?

To begin with, the Vietnamese just don't believe in the "salvation" the so-called French "crusade" offers them. Even now, with the Chinese Communists menacing their northern borders, the only slogan that still means anything to the people of Vietnam is *independence*. I wandered along the Saigon River with an interpreter one morning, trying to get the riverfolk to talk. Like most others in Indo-China, they were afraid to the point of surliness, and their hatred of white men, including myself, came through with needle sharpness. One of them finally growled: "Our idea is independence —but if you want to know about us, take us to the police station."

In belated French terms, "independence" has finally, under the dual impact of American scatter-blow pressure and the compelling victory of Chinese Communism, come to mean considerable but by no means complete political and economic freedom for the three Associated States of Indo-China—Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos—within the French Union. (The Union is a rather nebulous version of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and it has sometimes been disparagingly referred to, perhaps not altogether unfairly, as a "company union," if for no other reason than that the former French colonies and protectorates are not permitted to enter it voluntarily, but are required to join it in advance as a condition of being partially freed from the empire.)

Nevertheless, if the sinews of freedom the French have now granted the Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Laotians had been offered sooner, even six months sooner, they might have made more of a difference than they appear to be making today. The machinery of transferring limited sovereignty to the Associated States, set up last November at a conference in Pau, France, is at present being put into gear slowly.

Essentially, the three states are to take over administrative functions embracing immigration, communications, foreign trade, customs, and finance. Complicated interstate committees are to be established, on most of which the French will sit and retain an advisory or actual voting role. The local currencies remain tied to the French franc, and the French are still vouchsafed their powerful economic position in Indo-China. Former French investments will be protected and can even expand under the fiction of native "partnerships." In matters of defense and foreign affairs, France maintains a directing and decisive influence.

It is quite true, as de Lattre also had told me, that the French are putting more into than they are taking out of Indo-China today. Five years of war have cost them $2.1 billion and thirty thousand dead and captured. But the June report of the Bank of Indo-China, an institution that has a finger in almost all French colonial enterprise, indicates that the end has not yet come to profit-making.

Although there have been conflicting production reports, the bank's statement to its stockholders set forth the following: Despite the havoc of war, rubber exports rose from 895,912 tons in 1949 to 1,106,000 in 1950 (it neglected to add that during that period each ton had doubled, or tripled, in value on the world market); production of coal was up from 371,000 tons to 502,000, and a good part of it was sold to Japan for dollars; exports of corn, tea, and pepper yielded twenty-five per cent more than in 1949, and tin exports increased by twenty-seven thousand tons; only a French blockade of southern rice fields held by the Communists prevented a significant increase in the export of rice.

Nor were French importers, operating under near monopoly conditions assured by French exchange and tariff controls, unhappy. Profits were large, and certain individuals, with calculated opportunism—a take-while-the-taking's good philosophy—piled up huge fortunes in Paris by utilizing the remittance machinery legally permitted them for the transfer of Indo-China piastres into French francs, falsely pegged at seventeen to the piastre. (The franc has remained relatively stable, but the piastre has depreciated more than five times since the end of the war.) Even if no new investments have been made, the French are still very much in business.

Vast, Weary Shrug

There have been so many talks and conferences during the past five years that the fact that the Pau concessions to the French-sponsored régime of Emperor Bao Dai were considerably greater than anything the French once offered Communist leader Ho Chi Minh means little or nothing.

What the French so earnestly desire, namely *dynamisme,* may be permanently inhibited. Bored and mistrustful, his ear increasingly attuned to the victory of Chinese Communism and the rising revolutionary wrath against the supremacy of the white man in all of Asia, the Vietnamese remains at best a wary fence sitter. And he knows that continued fence sitting today may mean head saving tomorrow, if the Chinese Communists march.

Through all of Vietnam, the whole tentative reaction of the people to French "generosity" and to the government of Bao Dai is one vast, weary

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shrug. The weakness of Bao Dai himself remains the basic cause of this halting support. Although he has achieved certain ends by engaging in what in effect have been imperial sit-down strikes to force the French to capitulate on certain points, Bao Dai's apparent lack of enthusiasm for his own government is disastrous.

Supercilious by nature, he may be more concerned than he appears, but the fact remains that he has spent most of his time at his palace in Dalat or on the Annam seacoast, resting, hunting, and enjoying his court retinue of women. He has not (as he indicated to me last January he would) traveled around the country very much, "selling" himself and his régime. His only announced policy came during one speech he made, when he propounded a "fertile-earth" program, with limited agrarian reforms and gradual industrialization to increase national production. I was told that the Emperor's statement had "annoyed" the French.

Wanted: New Blood

But Bao Dai is only part of the story. The Cabinet of suave, untroubled Prime Minister Tran Van Huu has been shuffled several times, but still doesn't represent anything like a cross section of the country. It contains no invigorating northerners—the one good man it could have had, Nguyan Hu Tri, former Governor of North Vietnam, was forced to relinquish the Defense Ministry before he even began to work because he felt himself hedged in by appointees he hadn't approved. Most Cabinet members are southern Vietnamese (South Vietnam used to be the colony of Cochin-China, the hub of colonial wealth). Tran Van Huu himself is a French citizen, and his Ministers are predominantly French-weaned property owners or professional men with no political experience. The few real independent leaders, such as Governor Tri and a liberal Catholic spokesman, Ngo Din Dziem, have chosen to exile themselves in Paris, America, or Hong Kong.

It is apparent that only the infusion of new blood can save the Bao Dai government, can make of it the truly non-French, independent force it must be in order to draw popular support away from the Communist Vietminh. For another of the harsh facts of life in Indo-China today is that by far the most popular national figure is still that old revolutionary, Ho Chi Minh. Thin, ascetic, wispy bearded, Ho remains one of the most magnetic revolutionary figures of our time. If there were an election today, he would win hands down, for his long record as an international Communist would assuredly not scare off the millions of Vietnamese who regard him as the only man who has constantly fought for that one vital, irreplaceable thing—independence.

The Turning Point

There was a brief time, during and after the war, when we, the Americans, supported Ho's fight against both the Japanese and the French. We used to drop supplies to his guerrillas in Tonkin. And there are many who still believe, this reporter included, that in 1946, the one gamble in Asia that was worth taking was the Ho Chi Minh gamble, a far better bet than that on Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communists. At Fontainebleau, in September of 1946, Ho and the French reached a *modus vivendi* that might have been the basis of a permanent accord if good faith had existed on both sides. The French were as much to blame for the customs incident in the northern port of Haiphong that started the war in earnest that fall as were the Indo-Chinese—more so, because it behooved the French, as rulers, to exercise self-control.

It was in that summer of 1946 that Ho was most "weanable," for it was then that he first came into conflict with the young Communist extremists who have since taken over the Vietminh, lock, stock, and barrel, and made it today as thoroughly controlled a Communist movement as exists anywhere in the world. For that very reason alone—that he has become the figurehead "honorary chairman" of this new Communist machine—it still seems to me possible, if not probable, that Ho could become the first Asian Tito. Ironically, it would appear that he alone could now give Bao Dai, who in 1946 was appointed Ministerial Counsellor by Ho in the first postwar revolutionary Government, a necessary fillip.

In Saigon and Hanoi during the past eight months, I talked to several Vietminh intellectuals who had fled the Communist areas because, as non-party members, their positions had become untenable. None of them was by any means ready to throw in his lot with Bao Dai ("I'll wait and see," one of them said, expressing the common sentiment); but, to a man, they affirmed that the Vietminh is no longer even the pseudo "popular front" Ho made it after the war, when he for-

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mally replaced the Communist Party with mere "Marxist Study Groups."

The party is now openly reconstituted and runs the show more solidly than ever. The boss of the dominant front, the Vietminh Lao Dong (Workers) Party, created several months ago amid much fanfare, is Dang Xuan Khu, alias Truong Chinh, who returned from Moscow early in 1947 and has now usurped all power as the Lao Dong's general secretary. Another thorough Stalinist, Ha Ba Cong, is No. 2. The army is still run by Vo Nguyen Giap, one of the early Communist extremists who disapproved of Ho's 1946 agreements with the French. This is the new functioning triumvirate, although there are reports that Giap and Truong Chinh are at odds over military tactics.

The Vietminh's Quoc Nu

The Vietminh today controls about two-thirds of the Vietnam countryside, including the vital Chinese frontier area in the north. There are six sectors, in touch by courier and for two hours a day by radio. Each sector is run by a committee responsible to the Tang Bo, the Central Committee. Subcommittees extend to the lowest village, and nine-tenths of their members are now Communists.

One of the Vietminh's strongest points all along has been its literacy program—it has taught a simple script, the Quoc Nu, to seventy per cent of the people, thereby making them more susceptible to Vietminh propaganda (old women are not permitted to go to market unless they can read a few words on a blackboard). Chinese and Russian are now also being taught to soldiers and political workers, and "comradeship" with China is constantly stressed. As was the case toward the end of the Communist revolution in China, anti-Americanism is accentuated by the Vietminh today as much if not more than anti-French propaganda. Bao Dai is pictured as our puppet even more than as France's.

New Party, Old Line

The program of the Lao Dong Party clearly shows the influence of Chinese Communism. A "people's democracy" on "the road to Socialism" that must "pass through several stages" is projected. The platform says: "Vietnam is an outpost of the democratic camp in

Southeast Asia. . . . The leading class in the Vietnamese revolution is the working class. . . . The liberation war of the Vietnamese people is a people's war, a nation-wide, mortal, and long-drawn-out war. It must pass through three stages: a defensive stage, an attrition stage, and a counter-offensive stage."

Soviet Russia and Communist China are carefully set up as joint revolutionary paragons, and the "struggle for world peace and democracy" against "the imperialist aggressors" is presented in all the familiar Moscow-Peking terms of vituperation. When the Lao Dong Party was created, at a National Congress in February attended by two hundred delegates somewhere in North Vietnam, "Stalin, Mao Tse-tung, Maurice Thorez, and Kim Il-sung [the Korean Communist leader] were elected to the honorary presidium." It will be interesting to see, during the next year, whether or not a power struggle develops in the Lao Dong between "Stalinist" and "Maoist" leadership. Truong Chinh, it would appear, is Moscow's man today. But though he holds the political reins, the military matériel, as well as some of the political terminology, must come from China.

The Cutting Edge

The big question, of course, is how much military assistance the Chinese will give.

The extent of Chinese Communist aid to the Vietminh to date is pretty well determined. The equivalent of three regular-size Vietminh divisions have been fully equipped with weapons and ammunition, including American guns and bullets seized by the Chinese Reds from the Kuomintang during the Chinese civil war; some additional medium and heavy matériel, including artillery pieces and mortars, engineering and communications equipment, has been donated. At least three training camps for Vietminh soldiers have been set up in Kunnan and Kwangsi Provinces, and perhaps on the Island of Hainan and in Manchuria, where, it is reported, both Chinese and Russian technicians are training potential Vietminh pilots. A Chinese "volunteer" staff of about five thousand now operates with Vietminh troops in Indo-China.

The effect of Chinese training has been clearly noted by the French. Vietminh soldiers have shown vast improvement in frontal-battle technique, as well as in guerrilla tactics, and their new artillery and mortars have made life painful in the front lines. In recent weeks, fresh Chinese supplies have been reported en route from North to South China, destined for the Vietminh. Most observers predict the next large-scale Communist assault in October.

The Defense

In spite of stepped-up U.S. military aid to Indo-China under the current $300-$400-million program, the French have not succeeded markedly in turning the tide of the war, although General de Lattre has revitalized the morale of the French and colonial forces in the north and has created a vastly improved, if still fixed, defense system. While French lines have held, bolstered by the newly built concrete forts and outposts, the serious defeats of last fall, culminating in withdrawals with heavy losses from defenses along the Chinese border, have not been recouped. The Hanoi-Haiphong "rice delta," an area with a 365-mile perimeter, is still basically "safe by day and unsafe by night," which means that reinfiltration of cleaned-up pockets continues.

Against the Vietminh strength today —generally estimated at a hundred thousand well-armed regulars, a hundred thousand well-armed irregulars, and perhaps a quarter of a million partially armed and well-organized guerrillas, available for everything from digging obstruction ditches on roads to providing intelligence and making food forays—de Lattre has some 170,000 troops, including about 100,000 soldiers from metropolitan France, among them Algerians and Foreign Legionnaires as well as Frenchmen. It remains a motley army that is

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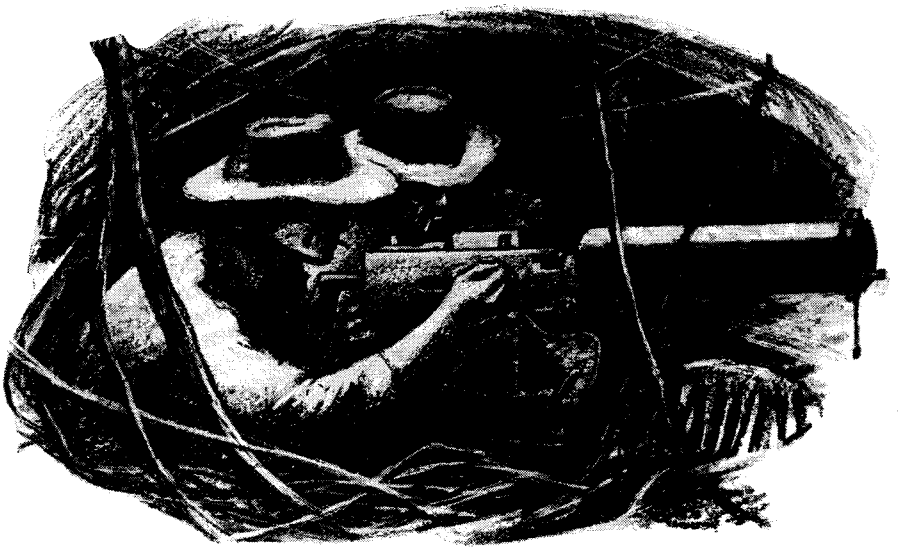

difficult to control and that is still guilty, according to first-hand evidence obtained by correspondents, of acts of terrorism and cruelty.

A Native Army

De Lattre's immediate problem is the creation of a native army of Vietnamese, supposed to total 120,000 in one year. The fact that western European defense requirements preclude the further dispatch of troops from France emphasizes the need for Vietnamese replacements, which, in some of the outfits I saw march through the streets of Hanoi on Bastille Day, July 14, already total fifty per cent of strength. U.S. advisers and equipment (which is nearly a hundred per cent of what the French are using) are helping speed the job of training a native army, but much is still to be done and there remains the constant, week-by-week threat of full-scale Chinese Communist "volunteer" participation in the war, which could deal a death blow, at least up north.

If that happened, and Hanoi and Haiphong fell, the best that could be expected would be a quick retreat to the narrow central belt of Indo-China, a good mountainous defense line that stretches across the country through Hué, the capital of Central Vietnam (formerly Annam). Here would evolve the new "38th Parallel," and here the second chapter of the Asian war that could prelude a third world conflict might take place, with U.S. and Chinese Communist troops again the chief antagonists.

America's role today is thus already irrevocably adumbrated by military considerations and developments that are the result of Mao's victory in China and of the Korean War. We are forced, militarily at least, to work hand in glove with Bao Dai and the French in Indo-China. But in Indo-China, through the $70.5-million three-year ECA program, the most advanced non-military U.S. effort in all Asia today, we are also making an earnest effort to disassociate ourselves from the French and to work directly with the Vietnamese people. It's a good program, and the French don't like it.

The Work of ECA

ECA in Indo-China is directed by Robert Blum, an able, sensitive, former Yale professor, and promoted by Leo Hochstetter, a newspaperman and magazine writer with a conscience. The emphasis is on social welfare, on the distribution of cloth and medicines, the building of rural irrigation wells, and the improvement of roads.

Under the agreement, we deal bilaterally with the Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Laotians, skipping the French almost entirely. However, the French maintain some control through the French Union ties and their pacts with the Associated States, which give Paris the right to approve foreign treaties. This summer, the French forced a last-minute postponement of the ceremony that was to mark the signing of the second-year ECA agreement in Saigon, causing the shaky Bao Dai régime to lose more face among its own people. After six weeks, the agreement was finally approved. The haggling concerned six little words; French objections included a veto of the word "high" before "contracting parties," in reference to the Vietnamese!

When I saw de Lattre in Saigon, he voiced his own disapproval of Hochstetter's ECA information program in the villages, which has sought to drive home, by leaflets, pamphlets, and sound trucks the vital point that the Vietnam government has a staunch friend in the United States, which is willing to help the new country develop economically. De Lattre spoke to me of French "traditionalism" and the need to go slow. What he really meant was perhaps better illustrated by what he told ECA chief Blum, whom he smilingly called "the most dangerous man in Indo-China." The fact remains—and it lies at the bottom of a growing and serious antagonism between the French and the Americans in Indo-China—that the French resent our presence there, even though they need our military help. Above all, they are desperately afraid we might take over from them, economically, in the future.

Serum and Rifles

We are in a race against time. As part of our necessarily global policy, military aid to France in Indo-China is essential. But in this backward and long-deprived country, we face a special dilemma that our eleventh-hour approach has unhappily forced upon us. How much social and economic good can we still do in ratio to the "harm" our military-aid program causes in terms of Vietnamese lives and homes destroyed by U.S. weapons? Since the Vietnamese, the Cambodians, and the Laotians are not inclined to accept French good will, it remains for our assurances to pave the road with whatever good intentions may still win friends for us.

The time that has been lost since 1946 is irrecoverable. Late as they are in coming, however, our social and economic programs, properly executed and publicized, are the most vital prop we have, in Indo-China as elsewhere in Asia. A villager cured of trachoma will remain a stauncher friend than the villager with the M-1 rifle. And if we must give both, as we now must, the rifle and the serum, they must be kept in balance. Therein lies our only hope.

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Japanese Labor Faces Peace Abroad, a Battle at Home

HESSELL TILTMAN

FOR JAPAN'S trade-union movement —one of the largest, and the poorest, in the world—the Japanese peace-treaty conference at San Francisco meant that the time for some hard, concentrated thinking had arrived.

Wedded to the doctrine of neutrality as a "third force," the leaders of the six-dollar-a-week Suzuki-Sans of Japanese organized labor, and of the predominantly left-wing Japan Socialist Party, which is labor's political instrument, refused to approve the treaty.

That stubborn stand in defense of the labor movement's principles—an over-all peace, absolute neutrality, opposition to military bases in Japan for any foreign power, and no rearmament —has left Japan's workers a lonely group, more than slightly frustrated and badly split.

The rift has arisen from conflicting opinions on neutrality vs. positive cooperation with the free democracies.

The leftists within the movement, headed by the National Congress of Industrial Organizations—a dwindling band—and the politically stubborn left wing of the Japan Socialist Party, remain totally opposed to any separate peace, and especially to a peace that involves United States military bases in Japan and allows Japanese rearmament.

The fact is that all but a handful of courageous souls in Japan's trade-union movement are still trimming their public utterances to prevailing sentiment. As Etsuo Kato, general secretary of the National Railwaymen's Union (430,000 members) and a trade unionist of twenty years' standing, put it to me recently: "Many Japanese labor leaders, in order to sustain their popularity with the rank and file, make statements on these matters that sound pro-Communist but are not. It is about time that the leaders of the movement stood up and expressed their real opinions."

A New Era Begins

The challenge confronting the badly split Japanese labor movement arises directly from the circumstances surrounding its rebirth at the beginning of the MacArthur era. Long suppressed by the militarists, who herded Japan's workers into ultranationalist organizations like the "Industrial Patriotic Society" for the greater glory of Japan's rampaging warriors, and reconstituted as a free workers' movement by order of General MacArthur in the first crusading days of the occupation, the Japanese labor movement has for the past six years been existing in a vacuum, its fortunes fluctuating with the shifting policies of the occupation, its leaders not allowed to enter any major disputes, its every action subject to the possible veto of SCAP.

Now the struggle for survival is about to begin. And the going is likely to prove tough. The surviving Zaibatsu have not yet recognized the need for unions, and do not intend to if they can help it.

Statistics on the strength of the Japanese labor movement are impressive —twenty-nine thousand unions with 5,750,000 members—but misleading. Following the Pacific war and the arrival in Japan of *"de-mok-rassie,"* the workers hailed unions as women hail a New Look. But many—how many no one knows—of the unions are company unions, in the pockets of employers. Many Japanese union officials at the local level are inexperienced and display a marked disinclination to learn how to use the new social welfare and labor laws to protect and improve the workers' lot. Both local leaders and rank and file display the Japanese penchant for violent but sporadic action. There has been a notable tendency to form a union on Monday and call a strike to overthrow the Yoshida Government the following Friday. The

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unions are, for the most part, quite unable to finance a strike of any duration. Many officials are paid by employers, and in some instances employers have continued to pay wages during work stoppages. The movement has been weakened in the last two years by the steady strengthening of the forces of the Right, and by clear indications that the Japanese ruling class is opposed not merely to Communist-dominated unions, but to unions per se.

The Coming of the Curbs

Initially, General MacArthur gave the Japanese labor movement free rein, and GHQ applauded when the grateful workers paraded around Tokyo. Then came two huge worker rallies on the Imperial Palace Plaza in May, 1946, and SCAP, disturbed by the increasing boldness of the leftists, issued a strong warning against "dangers of mass violence and physical processes of intimidation by disorderly minorities." This statement, widely interpreted in Japan as indicating that SCAP favored the rightists, was followed, on January 31, 1947, by a SCAP ban on a scheduled general strike.

Shortly thereafter, the occupation ban on walkouts was tightened to include virtually any major stoppage. In July, 1948, came the most significant MacArthur ukase of all: Government workers (one-third of all organized labor in Japan) were deprived of the right of collective bargaining. Finally, last spring, a Japanese government ban on the use of the Palace Plaza for a May Day meeting of the recently formed anti-Communist General Council of Trade Unions was upheld by SCAP.

Thus the Japanese trade unions have to date been reared in a hothouse atmosphere. "SCAP knows best" has been the order of the day. And the only method by which competent leadership can be developed—trial and error—has been denied to the movement by a Supreme Commander whose economic philosophy was Victorian, and who was in favor of trade unions providing they behaved nicely, were seen but not heard from, and at all times were grateful for the privilege of existing at all.

Now Japan is being given back to the Japanese, and the conservative ruling class is about to take over. The purgees are being unpurged in wholesale blocks, and among those expected

to be back in circulation any day are many former officials of the prewar and wartime nationalistic labor organizations.

What has happened to Japanese labor, and what is going to happen, is not merely a Japanese internal matter; it is of vital concern to the watching Russian and Chinese Communists—and to the United States and the West.

The Anti-Red Purge

Following an anti-Red purge in Japanese industry, carried out by agreement with the major unions—in which some 10,600 workers in private industry and 1,100 government workers (including 2,546 actively Communist trade-union officials) were dismissed—Communist control of the union machinery was virtually ended. Today not more than five per cent of Japan's labor organizations are susceptible to Communist influence.

The ousting of active Reds, both at the top and local levels, was followed by the formation of a new all-Japan anti-Communist labor General Council, named *Sohyo*, which corresponds more or less to the CIO. Relations between the Japanese movement and the free trade-union organizations in the West are increasingly close. Japanese delegates, with full status, participated in the formation of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in London; Japanese labor has received recognition by the International Labor Office; a number of American and British trade-union experts have done yeoman service in the Labor Division of SCAP at Tokyo in advising the rapidly growing Japanese movement (not always agreeing a hundred per cent with General MacArthur's labor policies in the process).

The "moderate" Japanese unionists who co-operated in the domestic housecleaning of the movement, while not in full agreement with American policies toward Japan, are in no sense anti-American. But the danger exists—and could prove to have been intensified by the San Francisco treaty terms—that the United States has, for the sake of expediency, run the risk of alienating a group which potentially and ideologically is on our side. Those military bases in Japan, and the alliance politically of that nation with the western bloc, may be necessary in the best interests of Japan itself, but not enough effort has been put forth by the Japanese government to explain just why to the majority of trade-unionists.

What happens to their movement is of immediate business concern to the whole trading world. For only if Japanese labor can retain and enforce the labor-standards law and other gains, and bring the nation's low standards of living (today only about seventy per cent of prewar) nearer to prevailing conditions in the West, can the nation avoid renewed charges of "dumping" and "coolie labor."

SCAP's labor officials, while admitting that the challenge exists, are guardedly optimistic. They say, in effect, that the Japanese trade-union movement, despite the SCAP-sponsored restrictions and oppressive policies under which it lives and expands, represents the most important potentially powerful democratic force that has

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arisen in postwar Japan—which, remembering the word "potentially," may well be true. They say that considering that the Japanese union movement has been required to telescope a hundred and fifty years of development into five, it has established itself on a pretty firm foundation and should prove capable of protecting the rights newly gained by the workers.

Thus, Japanese labor hopes were raised when, last April, the ICFTU announced its support of the demand of the Japan Teachers Union—strongest teachers' union in the world, with 400,000 members—for the lifting of restrictions on Japanese labor, including the ban on normal political activities of Japanese government employees.

Union circles in Japan were also heartened recently when the National Federation of Coal Miners Unions scored a major victory in a twenty-six-day walkout in which seventy per cent of Japan's 433,000 coal miners struck in the biggest purely economic work stoppage since the surrender. SCAP labor officials were equally heartened by the fact that the agreement which ended the strike was worked out by arbitration.

Liabilities

The main problems facing the movement, as SCAP's labor experts see them, are the excessive number of union officials, the need for further education of the rank and file, the threat of Communist infiltration, and the need for regrouping the multiplicity of local unions on a nation-wide basis.

Some independent students are in substantial agreement with these SCAP authorities. One of the most experienced—a trade-unionist who has spent all his adult life in the British trade-union movement and who recently made an on-the-spot study of the Japanese unions—thinks that while the Japanese union movement has developed a useful head, its body—the rank and file—is weak.

The same official predicted that if an industrial recession hits Japan in the near future, then such reforms as the labor-standards law (which regulates wages, hours of work, and general conditions in factories and mines, and is violated by employers every hour on the hour) will be in grave danger of being tossed out the window.

Other observers are more pessimistic concerning the future. Many view with apprehension the undisguised opposition of Japan's ruling class to union aspirations, and the growing signs that the aim of the rightists is to bind the movement hand and foot. Such observers are mindful of the fact that in Japan today there are twenty rightists to every leftist, and also fear that unsympathetic government policies might well provide grist for the Communist mill.

The main problem, as Japan's own trade-union leaders see it, is how to encourage in the average Japanese worker the state of mind in which he will gladly work for the national welfare. The way to do that and to counteract Communism, say the leaders, is to raise the living standards of the working people. The method favored by the present Japanese rightist Cabinet, they assert bitterly, is to suppress labor and whittle away its new rights.

"What Japanese labor fears," one prominent leader told me, "is not so much the rise of Communism as the rise of fascism in Japan. If that threat develops, and if laws restricting the rights of Japanese labor are enacted, then we will not rely solely upon the slow process of elections to place in power a more sympathetic government. We shall fight with all labor's traditional weapons, and, further, in view of the fact that Japan must import essential raw materials, we will ask the trade-unionists of other lands to halt the shipment of materials to Japan."

Today, with many of the formerly powerful Communist union leaders purged, or underground, and the "moderates" in firm control of the movement, it can be claimed that, despite vacillating labor policies during the occupation, the Japanese trade-union movement has, during the MacArthur era, developed to the point where it is capable of firmly opposing any new offensive against it. For the one sure fact is that Japan's trade-unionists are not in any mood to suffer in silence should the rightists attempt to put the clock back.

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Turkey—Russia's Gift to NATO

The Reds' tactic of using pressure without being ready to use power backfired, and we were ready with money and materials

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

THE MILLS OF NATO's strategic diplomacy are reported to have produced a formula for September's Ottawa meeting by which the armed forces of Turkey are to be brought into the growing defense machine of the West, and a Turkish general is to become the ground-force chief in the eastern Mediterranean, under the area command of Admiral Robert B. Carney—"Mr. Mediterranean," as he is sometimes called. This is a logical culmination of America's little-noticed four-year military-aid program in Turkey. It will provide a spectacular increment to the military strength of the West in the pivotal eastern Mediterranean region. For Turkey, with a large army greatly modernized since 1947, brings to the common defense precisely the elements that have been dangerously lacking.

Turkey's emergent role in western defense against Soviet power is ordained by geography and history. The integration of Turkish armed forces into the Mediterranean command will be only a formal political act confirming a geopolitical reality. The Turks occupy the high, mountainous plateau of Anatolia, which slopes up to the formidable barrier of the Caucasus range in the east, at the Soviet frontier, and slopes down westward to the Straits, a water barrier that has been the obsession of Russian, German, and British strategists for centuries.

While the Turks hold their homeland against Soviet pressure, they safeguard the Mediterranean and the Aegean for the sea communications of the United States and its maritime allies. A strong ground force deployed on Turkey's twin frontiers will be a continuing threat to the left flank of the Red Army, if it moves westward into Europe. And in addition, the

Straits can serve to contain whatever naval power the Russians may have in the Black Sea. Finally, Turkey is a shield for the entire eastern littoral of the Mediterranean, protecting the weaker states to the south and the narrow land bridge into North Africa.

Ground-Force Fist

On all counts, Turkey is our natural ally. Since the Mediterranean figures more and more conspicuously in the strategy of the West as a corridor of offensive action against southern Russia and the adjacent satellites, Turkey emerges as the ground-force fist to which the American Sixth Fleet is the flexed arm.

All this would be pure theory, however, if the Turks were not implacably anti-Soviet. Here history comes to the aid of geography. Since the sixteenth century, Turkey has fought a dozen wars against Russia. With rare, brief interruptions, the Turks have regarded Russia all that time as a sinister neighbor, itching for control of the Straits and frontage on the Mediterranean. The Turks are anti-*Communist,* of course; and they have their own quiet but not gentle methods of suppressing Communism at home. But, more important, they are anti-*Russian,* out of long and bitter experience. Turkey did not need to be persuaded, or cajoled, or bribed to adopt our anti-Soviet policy. Turkey embraced the basic NATO strategy long before NATO came into existence.

Foolishly, Soviet policymakers redoubled their pressure on Turkey after 1945, forcing the Turks to new extremes of expenditure for military readiness, and forcing them also to edge ever closer to the western democracies for support. Moscow made the inexcusable mistake of using pressure when it was unprepared to use power if pressure failed. In this sense, Turkey today, with its great military potential, is Russia's gift to NATO.

Perceiving clearly the strategic forces at play in the eastern Mediterranean, the U.S. government in 1947 launched, under the Truman Doctrine, a massive military-aid program for Turkey. The prime objective of that program, which has cost close to $100 million a year, has been to convert a large army of brave but ill-equipped and immobile men into a smaller army of great mobility and firepower.

To do this job, the United States maintains in Ankara one of the largest military missions it has overseas—more than 1,250 officers and men. It has thoroughly modernized the artillery, armored units, and field communications of the Turkish Army, providing not only weapons and equipment but also training in all echelons from private up to general. It has supervised the instruction of about thirty thousand Turks—soldiers, sailors, airmen—in new or reorganized schools. At its urging, the Turkish armed forces have expanded their corps of noncommissioned officers, who must be the

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technical backbone of a modern, mechanized army or fleet. And it is now well along with the larger task of modernizing the Turkish infantry.

In addition, our military mission has delivered six good submarines, four first-class destroyers, and numbers of mine craft, and has trained officers and men of the Turkish Navy to handle these ships. On the water, Turkey has a limited but vital responsibility—to guard its own Black Sea coast and the Straits. Our naval mission has made certain that Turkey will have a small but efficient single-purpose fleet.

Like its navy, Turkey's air force is defensive. With some hundreds of fighter planes from the United States and plenty of training for pilots and maintenance men, Turkey is developing a tactical air force shrewdly patterned for its defensive task. New airfields are being built and old ones modernized to serve this modest but highly functional air force. Jet planes are to be supplied to the Turks eventually; and some Turkish pilots already have been trained in the United States to fly them.

'First-Class Fighting Man'

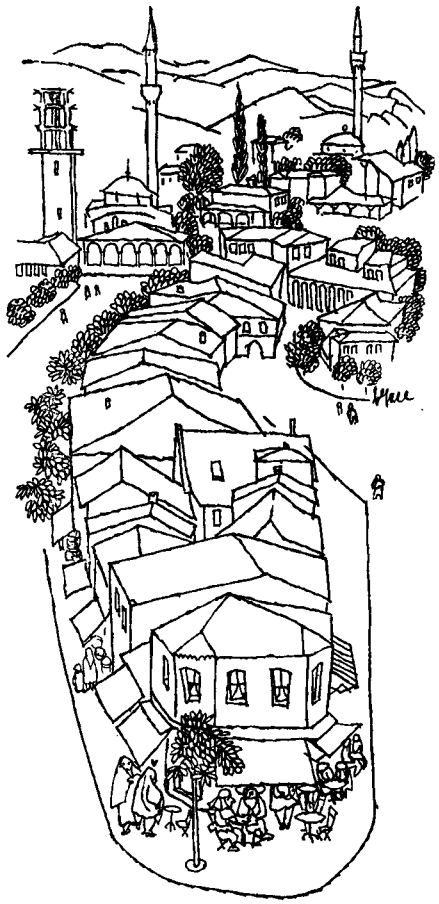
The hard core of Turkey's military potential, however, is in its ground forces. Today the Turks maintain in constant readiness an army of about 370,000 men, with a very high proportion of combat troops to service and support troops. This ground force is organized in three field armies and one additional army corps. One army is deployed in the east, before the Soviet frontier. Another is in Turkish Thrace, before the Bulgarian segment of the Iron Curtain. The third, with a high degree of mobility, is held in reserve in the heart of Anatolia. An additional army corps is maintained in the south, for the security of the major air installations around Adana and the vital supply port of Iskenderun.

One can reckon this mobilized and highly trained army at something more than twenty full-strength divisions. That compares favorably with the ready combat ground strength of any present member of NATO. Beyond this, Turkey can call up something close to two million men who have had some training, and it can fit out every last one of them with arms of some sort.

Numbers of troops and weapons alone do not establish the military potential of a nation, however. Turkey is a strong salient in the Eisenhower line chiefly because the Turkish soldier is a good fighting man. He is a conscript, but he serves willingly because he has been brought up to believe every Turk is destined to fight Russia, sooner or later, if Turkish independence is to be secure. He draws the equivalent of twenty-two U.S. cents a month, enough plain food, and a quite uninspired uniform. But as his comrades in Korea have proved to the world, he can endure great hardship and still show reckless bravery. In talking with many American officers and noncoms who have worked with the Turks, I found none that did not have high praise for the Turkish soldier.

Neutralism is a word that has no meaning in Turkey. From the lowly *asker,* the private soldier in slovenly khakis, to the top reaches of the general staff, there is a quiet determination to stand and fight.

The peculiar value of the Turkish armed forces in the over-all strategy of the West lies in the fact that they dovetail with the elements of American power in the region. The United States has in the Sixth Fleet, under Vice Admiral Matthias Gardner, a powerful offensive weapon of sea and air power. Even without further reinforcement, it has the means of delivering a succession of stinging initial attacks on Soviet or satellite targets. It also has the means of assuring command of the Mediterranean, and therefore the routes for supply and support of our various Mediterranean allies. Thus the functions of the Sixth Fleet are both *offensive* and *logistical.* Its carrier-based aircraft—approximately two hundred of them currently—are a striking force in absolute readiness. It also can keep open the sea lanes on which bombs, gasoline, food, and other supplies are fed out to bomber bases all through the Mediterranean and the Middle East.



A Complementary Alliance

Except for its submarines, which are very competently manned, Turkey lacks real offensive striking power. That is left to the United States. But Turkey has what we and all our other allies lack—combat ground troops close up to the Iron Curtain. On the other hand, the Turkish economy cannot possibly supply an expanded Turkish Army in long-continued military operations. Here again, the partners complement each other. The United States, with its sea power reaching to Iskenderun and Ismir, so long as the western powers control the Mediterranean, can put into Turkey the steady flow of munitions that would be needed in war.

Facing such a modernized army of resolute men, with their advantages of terrain, and with assurance of seaborne supply and of both tactical and strategic air support from America, the Russians are unlikely to attack Turkey. They are much more likely to by-pass their traditional enemy and strike westward. For in the west they see nations with rich prizes in heavy industry—which also have strong Communist minorities to make the going easier. That of course is why NATO needs Turkey even more than Turkey needs NATO. For the North Atlantic partners need the assurance that Turkey's army will fight, even though by-passed by the Russians.

In their turn, the Turks needs positive assurance of sea and air support and munitions from the United States.

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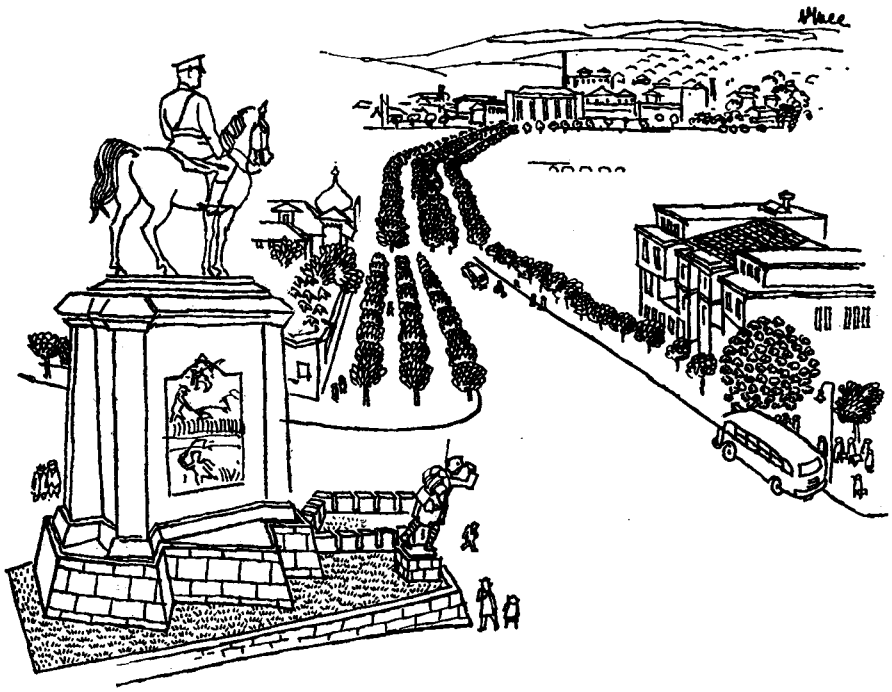

The Turks are not merely confident but a bit cocky about their fighting abilities; but they recognize fully that their fighting manpower is far in excess of their economic capacity.

Turkey's true relation to western defense has been blurred by a misguided but persistent attempt, notably by the British, to push the Turks into a Middle Eastern pact, in lieu of NATO membership. But with the single-minded patience that marks their diplomacy, Turkish leaders have refused to be diverted eastward. Turkey is a European power, strategically and commercially. Its links are with Europe by land, sea, and air. It is walled off from Asia by mountain, desert, and salt flat. Turkey is destined by geography to be the southern anchor of the Eisenhower line; and the Turks have insisted on full recognition of that role —inclusion in NATO without reservation or second-class rating. This is now assured by U.S., British, and French support.

The Moslem Link

Once that is a reality, Turkish leaders probably will be ready for some sort of Middle Eastern security pact to supplement and extend the security system of the West. But this has to come *afterward,* because in Turkish eyes a Middle Eastern pact is a burden, not a source of strength.

When the stage is properly set, Turkey can have an immense usefulness to the West as a link with the Moslem world. Turkey is a Moslem state, with a population more than ninety-seven per cent Moslem. But it is a secular state, and one with almost no trace of the fanatical Islamic nationalism which is working such havoc for the West in some adjacent Moslem countries. Turkey was the first Moslem nation of the world to achieve real equality with the nations of Europe, the first to shake off the humiliating capitulation imposed on Asian nations by the western powers, the first to make itself economically independent of western capitalist enterprise. Turkey's prestige among Moslem countries is unique.

Lying athwart the Dardanelles, partly in Europe and partly in Asia, Turkey has built steadily stronger ties with the free nations of Europe; and yet it has maintained cordial dealings with the Arab nations, the other Moslem nations, and even with Israel. Regionally, the Turks can claim two recent diplomatic triumphs. One is consistently good relations with various countries formerly under Ottoman rule and therefore not without deep grudges. The other has been to maintain a real friendship with the Arab states and Israel simultaneously. Few western powers can say that their diplomacy has done as well.

As the only nation of the Middle East with any significant military potential, Turkey is the natural leader of the area. It is moving toward that role. But it is not strong enough to take on commitments to defend its weaker neighbors to the south until its own position in the larger defensive strategy of the West is fully established.

As a secular state and a democracy, Turkey is startlingly western in its thinking. But as a solidly Moslem nation of Asian stock, it has a natural kinship with all the nations to the east and south. The result is that while Turkey in strategic terms is the extreme right flank of the NATO defense line and its most forward salient, it also is a political and ideological link with the Middle East. Turkey in this sense is the ambassador of the West to the Moslem world of Asia.

The firmness and solidarity of the great anti-Soviet coalition is impaired by the neutralism widespread in western Europe, and by the different but equally vitiating neutralism of Nehru's India. Turkey, unwaveringly and almost exuberantly anti-Russian, is like a granite block of such strength that NATO, granted sufficient wisdom, can build from it—north and west through Greece and Yugoslavia, and south and east into Moslem Asia.

We Caught the Boat

From the objective record, Turkey today provides a welcome example of spectacular success in American postwar foreign policy. There is of course no discernible end to the torrent of abuse poured upon American policy and American policymakers. Partisan newspapers and partisan politicians will continue to leave the impression throughout the United States that the State Department has blundered fantastically all over. But impartial historians are bound to pay high tribute to the job done in the eastern Mediterranean.

As early as the first months of 1947, American leaders saw the pivotal role of Turkey in the great anti-Soviet strategy then commencing to take shape. Spending money and materials shrewdly, using military and diplomatic personnel tactfully and persuasively, the United States in four years has built up Turkey's armed forces until at this moment the eastern Mediterranean is one of the strongest bastions of anti-Soviet power in the entire world. One could not ask a happier example of successful American geopolitics in action.

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Haiti: Return of the Elite

The overthrow of the irresponsible Estimé represents a reversion to old ways in the island government

THEODORE DRAPER

At about 8 A.M. one day last year, a well-known journalist, Lucien Chauvet, suddenly produced a gun and fired a shot into the air. Followed by a few friends, he had marched confidently into the open-air market near the waterfront in Port-au-Prince. On this May 8 it was already crowded with peasants patiently sitting beside a few beans or some mangoes, the thin cotton dresses carefully tucked under the women, chickens fluttering around on the ground with their feet tied, the atmosphere soaked with incredibly pungent odors.

Chauvet cried "Down with Estimé!" and tried to get the crowd behind him for a demonstration against President Dumarsais Estimé in the National Palace clear across the city. To his embarrassment, Chauvet was badly beaten up.

Chauvet's enemies later said that he never expected the vendors and beggars to follow him, that he was merely trying to incite a riot in order to give the army and police a pretext to intervene against the Government. Chauvet's friends charged that he was set on by paid agents of the Government, not by the market people. As Chauvet struggled vainly to protect himself from the fists and sticks, the cries and screams were against him: "*Vive Estimé! Vive Réélection!*" Then the crowd, spontaneously or not, moved out of the market and streamed into the streets.

One part of the mob set off for the Senate. The building was overrun; furniture, file cabinets, and even paintings were smashed. Police arrived too late. The homes of some Senators were invaded. Workers began to leave shops and factories to join in the brawling. Shopkeepers hastily closed their doors. The well-to-do trembled with fear.

Enter Magloire

President Estimé called in his Cabinet at about noon. He demanded the dissolution of the Senate, which he blamed for his troubles. The big question in everyone's mind was: Where did the army stand? Estimé soon found out—two of the most powerful officers would not tolerate it. They were Colonel Paul E. Magloire, head of the Palace Guard, and Major Marcaisse Prosper, head of the police force.

Estimé took to the radio at about 8 P.M. Calmly but firmly, he hinted that he was not going to back down. An hour later he called his Cabinet into session a second time. It dragged on until about 2 A.M., May 9. When it was over, Estimé had what he wanted—a decree dissolving the Senate. It was immediately sent to the government print shop for publication.

Meanwhile, the Caserne Dessalines, the key military barracks just across the street from the National Palace, buzzed with activity. An officer from the post decided to alert the chief of staff, Brigadier General Frank Lavaud, who hurried over in the middle of the night and found the officers and men ready to march on the Palace. Lavaud ran off to get there first. He told Estimé what the choice was: to back down on the dissolution of the Senate or to face an assault by the army.

This was the turning point, and Estimé backed down. Lavaud dashed off to the government printing shop to stop publication of the decree. He confiscated all the proofs and plates; the Caserne Dessalines called off its coup —for the night.

Daylight seemed to bring some slight relief. The people were grim and angry, but there was no more violence. Colonel Magloire and Major Prosper mobilized enough soldiers and police to enable the Senate to meet. Estimé sulked in his Palace.

That night, the army claimed, a plot directed against the army itself was uncovered. The ringleader was supposed to be Estimé's Minister of Labor.

With this opportune discovery, Lavaud, Magloire, and Prosper decided to confront Estimé and demand his resignation. After holding out awhile, he capitulated again. When the guns of the fort were fired, Lavaud announced on the radio, Dumarsais Es-

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timé would be President of Haiti no longer and a three-man military junta would rule in his place.

Behind these events in Port-au-Prince on May 8-10, 1950, were the same fierce, confused, but fundamental forces that have been reshaping, unpredictably and spasmodically, all of Latin America. The Haitian experience was one of the most significant and also one of the most neglected, despite the fact that, as the first Negro state in modern times and the only one in our hemisphere, Haiti has a special claim on our attention.

It is generally considered that the last significant Haitian revolution took place in 1843. It differed from all the others because it was the result of some serious intellectual discontent and self-criticism, though it left hardly a trace. After that there were plenty of revolutions. (Only two Presidents succeeded in serving a full term from 1843 to the American occupation of 1915.) But they were invariably squalid and meaningless uprisings for the privilege of oppressing the masses and enriching the winning side. Since the end of the American occupation in 1934, the problem has somewhat changed. The last two presidents, Elie Lescot and Estimé, could have served a full term each if they had been content with it.

The Legacy of Lescot

Ironically, Estimé owed his sudden rise to power to Lescot's dictatorial ambitions. In his fifth and last year in office, Lescot was forced out by the army—by precisely the same military junta that forced out Estimé—to prevent him from grabbing a second term, as his predecessor, Sténio Vincent, had done. Lescot's régime had played the political game according to the traditional rule of domination by the light-skinned elite. The underlying reason for Lescot's failure was the upper class's grievance that he had not taken sufficient advantage of U.S. war contracts, as some of the other Caribbean countries had done. The economic slump that hit Haiti after the war finished Lescot. Yet the fact that Lescot was ousted by the aristocracy meant that anyone who took his place was expected to perpetuate the old system. That the system would be shaken to its foundations by Lescot's successor was the last thing anyone expected—or Lescot might still have the job.

The junior member of the three-man military junta that ruled Haiti for the first eight months of 1946 was Magloire, then a major in charge of the police. It was his first appearance in a leading political role. The junta itself was also the first case in recent years of the army's direct participation in politics. This seemed a bad omen, but everyone was pleasantly surprised. The military junta of 1946 was comparatively mild and enlightened. It encouraged a degree of democratization that Haiti had never known. New parties sprang up. The press was liberated. The army came out of the crisis with increased prestige.

In this new atmosphere, the most painful of Haiti's inner problems was brought into the open. Some of the Negro politicians were bold enough to make a political issue out of the long domination by the small mulatto elite. For generations the latter had met the problem by pretending that it did not even exist. Suddenly, not only did it exist—politics was saturated with it.

The Color Conflict

The Haitian color line is an infinitely subtle and ironic commentary on the U.S. color line. Since over ninety per cent of the people are black, any lighter shade has come to represent the ruling class. The non-black draws attention to himself in Haiti just as the non-white does in the United States. Thus whites find themselves in the same category as mulattoes from the viewpoint of the Haitian Negroes, just as mulattoes find themselves in the same category as Negroes from the viewpoint of American whites.

If it were not for this unique color problem, Haiti's other problems would be more familiar and less intricate. The color conflict cuts across all the other conflicts, envenoming and inflaming them. To be rich or to be cultured is to be associated with the mulatto elite, even though some Negroes are today richer and more cultured than many mulattoes. There is a Haitian saying: "A rich Negro is a mulatto, a poor mulatto is a Negro." One interpretation of this folk wisdom is that a Negro who succeeds in climbing the social ladder tends to become subservient to the aristocratic mulattoes, as so many have done. It is dangerous, therefore, to oversimplify the Haitian color conflict, but by and large it is still true that to stir it up is simultaneously to stir up a class conflict. It is the combination that makes Haitian society so explosive.

Equality and Voodoo

Out of the 1946 junta's new freedom, helped along by the usual horse-trading in the Chamber and Senate, which used to elect the President, Estimé emerged as Lescot's successor. He started out inauspiciously. Port-au-Prince was unusually quiet on his inauguration night. To the masses in the capital, Dumarsais Estimé was still an unknown quantity.

Estimé is a Negro, but nothing in his past suggested that he was going to be a militant one. He had been a member of the Chamber of Deputies since 1930. He had been Minister of Education under Lescot. His father was a local "notable" in a small town of the fertile Artibonite Valley, a rank far below that of the city elite from which Presidents were expected to come. Nevertheless, Estimé was a comparatively wealthy landowner by the time he took office in August, 1946. Only those who knew him intimately had an inkling of his bitter resentment against the "mulatto bourgeoisie."

It soon became clear that Estimé had been underestimated. He began to talk like a man with a mission. He insisted on ruling with a strong hand. At first he continued to grant or at least to tolerate a large measure of political freedom. He made great plans to build roads, schools, hospitals, public works of all kinds. He encouraged the organization of trade unions, which the Haitian worker had never had. He raised the minimum wage from forty cents a day to seventy. He freed Haiti in 1947 from the balance of its debt to the United States and regained full control of its financial affairs.

Above all, however, Estimé made it clear that the day of mulatto superi-

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ority was over. A new kind of nationalism flared up. The mulatto elite had never been proud of being Haitians. Their real motherland was France and they had only contempt for the indigenous culture. Under Estimé, the balance swung violently the other way. Anything that was not Negro and native was not *"authentique,"* was not truly Haitian. The French culture of the mulattoes was rejected as alien and spurious.

Politics and culture went hand in hand, or rather both were expressions of the same upsurge of the Negro masses. Folklore became the basis of the new popular culture. Voodoo, an inexhaustible source of native song and dance and legendry, could be practiced openly for the first time. A new interest was taken in the Creole language by the intellectuals. To the outside world, these cultural developments in Haiti betokened a kind of renaissance. Inside Haiti, they were regarded almost as much as political weapons in behalf of the "Negro revolution."

The Cream Turns

The old mulatto elite was gripped by increasing fear as Estimé's régime became more and more firmly entrenched. For over a century, the tiny minority of mulattoes had managed to dominate the vast majority of Negroes. The elite was clustered in the cities where poltics was made; it was forced by self-interest to act together and had a tradition of ruling. The Negroes were mainly dispersed in the countryside, lacked leadership, and resisted political organization. There had been plenty of Negro Presidents in the nineteenth century but none had conceived of himself as a Negro savior. Now, willy-nilly, there was one who did.

Yet the first two years of Estimé's rule were relatively calm. Many mulatto intellectuals were won over by the tremendous potentialities in the indigenous culture so long unexplored. Men of good will of whatever color had to admit that Estimé was socially progressive.

The idealist, however, was only one part of Estimé's make-up; the other part was the common politician and demagogue. Often the idealist uttered the words but the politician took care of the deeds. For example, Estimé's encouragement of trade-unionism was not altogether disinterested. He used the unions brazenly as his régime's political shock troops. He almost doubled the minimum wage officially, but this did not mean that the workers obtained it. Even the government often paid less than the minimum on its own projects.

'Enrich Yourself'

The visionary and the opportunist were combined most flagrantly in Estimé's version of the motto implicit in past Haitian politics: "Enrich yourself." Practically every previous régime had been guilty of the same thing. Politics had always been the main economic basis of the mulatto middle class. Estimé changed only one thing. He used political favoritism to build up a Negro middle class. This variation on an old theme was congenial to both his principles and his pocket. By 1949, Estimé's financial scandals were common gossip. No matter how much was true, everyone believed most of it. The Exposition, which must have cost well over $10 million, was only the biggest pork barrel of the Estimé period.

The worst of it was that there was not enough money to go around. Jealousies and disappointment multiplied. Soon the "outs" began to plot against the "ins," the classic form of Haitian "rebellions." The first serious warning came from the one place that every government feared most—the army.

The case of Colonel Astrel Roland started out as a rather mean squabble. Roland had been the army commander in the Artibonite Department. Estimé had promoted him to the more important command of the Nord Department, which included Cap-Haïtien, the second largest city. However, Roland went around complaining that Estimé had double-crossed him. Roland claimed that he had agreed to back Estimé in return for one of the top posts in the capital.

Chanson de Roland

This momentous issue became a Caribbean and then a hemispheric incident when Roland found it safer to flee to the neighboring Dominican Republic and, to quote from the report of the Investigating Committee of the Council of the Organization of American States, "the Government of the Dominican Republic did not take the necessary measures to prevent Messrs. Astrel Roland and Alfred Viau from carrying on in Dominican territory activities designed to disturb the internal peace of Haiti." This was a gentle way of saying that Roland and his henchman Viau were given the facilities of La Voz Dominicana, the leading radio station in Ciudad Trujillo, operated by the Dominican dictator's brother, to call for the violent overthrow of the Estimé régime. Two Dominican diplomats in Port-au-Prince helped to finance Roland's underground movement inside Haiti.

By 1949, Estimé had good reason to fear for his régime and his head. His

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enemies were closing in on him from several different directions—the disgruntled former ruling class, the employers who detested the government-supported unions, the foreign interests that were frightened by Estimé's intermittent threats of nationalization, the politicians who thought that they deserved a bigger cut, and the Roland-Dominican conspiracy. Estimé took advantage of this last danger, which no one could deny, to crack down on all his enemies and critics. A state of siege was clamped on from February to October, 1949.

The Roland-Dominican conspiracy came to a head in November, 1949. As the Investigating Committee of the Council of the Organization of American States affirmed, plans were made to assassinate high Haitian officials, to start fires in Port-au-Prince, and to create panic in the streets, while Roland himself crossed into Haiti from Jimaní, in Dominican territory, with an armed band. The invasion never came off because Haitian police broke up the gang in Port-au-Prince. But Estimé was not satisfied. In the middle of November he brought back a form of martial law, dissolved three parties of the Left, arrested eight Opposition leaders, closed seven newspapers, and established censorship on news and mail.

In suppressing the Roland conspiracy, Estimé struck out too wildly. He got rid of one enemy only to strengthen all the others.

The Second-Term Disease

Estimé had to make two more blunders before the opposition could combine around a winning issue and a victorious leader.

The issue was provided by Estimé himself. As if obeying a mysterious call that comes to all Haitian Presidents in time, Estimé fell victim to the second-term disease. Since the new Constitution forbade more than one term, it had to be revised. Thus Estimé gratuitously injected into the broader crisis of his régime the rather narrow political issue of Constitutional revision. At this point, as Estimé's campaign for re-election was gathering force for a showdown, elections had to be held for both legislative houses. The result was an unexpected blow—Estimé lost control of the Senate. One of the first acts of the newly elected Senate, which convened in April, 1950, was to pass a resolution against Constitutional revision to permit a second term.

When the Senate struck at Estimé's second-term ambitions, he struck back by treatening to dissolve the Senate. This Constitutional crisis, which Estimé himself provoked, was extraordinarily bad strategy. It enabled the Opposition to unite around a relatively simple issue which appealed to everyone who wished once and for all to put behind the undisciplined political past. It placed Estimé in the same class as Lescot. Whatever Estimé was socially, he seemed retrogressive politically.

At the same time, Estimé also provided the Opposition with a leader. This was his last and fatal misstep.

Under Estimé, Magloire had become colonel in command of the Palace Guard, the key military organization in the capital. The two men had worked together without apparent friction. At the worst possible time, Estimé gave Magloire cause to fear him. Magloire had gone to Cap-Haïtien, his home town, to help settle some labor unrest. Reports came back to Port-au-Prince that he had received an unusually warm welcome. Soon reports began to reach Cap-Haïtien that Estimé had offered Magloire's post to another officer who had been afraid to accept it. Magloire rushed back to the capital and was dissuaded from resigning by fellow officers who were fed up with Estimé. From then on it was clear to him that either he or the President had to go.

All these crises and conspiracies, pretexts and personalities, past evils and present blunders helped to pull the trigger of Lucien Chauvet's gun on the morning of May 8, 1950, and to sign Dumarsais Estimé's name to the resignation two days later.

The Power and Magloire

Now Estimé rues his fate on the nearby island of Jamaica, and Magloire sits in the National Palace in Port-au-Prince.

After Estimé's fall, the military junta ruled for five months. It quickly reversed many of Estimé's policies: banned enough papers and parties to wipe out all open opposition, outlawed most of the pro-Estimé trade unions, and again prohibited the open practice of voodoo (though every hotel clerk and taxidriver wants to take every tourist to a "secret" voodoo ceremony every Saturday night). To show how much more democratic it was, the junta provided for direct elections by the people to choose the next President in October, 1950. The candidates were Magloire and a political unknown, Fénelon Alphonse. It was one of those exhibitions of democracy in which the victor, now General Magloire, received ninety-nine per cent of the vote.

It would be hard to find two men so unlike each other as Estimé and Magloire.

Estimé is a domineering, rigid, unsociable person. He says little, and what he says is frequently obscure or cryptic. He ran a one-man Government and most of his important Ministers were yes men. He trusted no one and constantly reshuffled his Cabinet. Diplomats found that he called them in to discuss minor details in all departments. Foreign interests intensely disliked dealing with him.

Magloire is jovial, warm, and talkative. He likes to deal with people

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easily and with problems informally. He slaps backs, enjoys parties, and dances into the small hours of the morning at the Cabane Choucoune or one of the more exclusive clubs. He has appointed technically able Ministers and avoids interfering with them. Foreign interests find him completely sympathetic.

Yet nothing Estimé did could shake the "mystique" he had for the masses. Crowds turned out fanatically wherever he went. Magloire gets a much smaller, less fervent turnout. Somehow the feeling came through to the Negro masses that Estimé was for them. Though there is little difference in color between the two men, most of Estimé's Cabinet came from the Negro middle class, and Magloire's comes from the mulatto middle class. Estimé kept himself apart from the rich elite; Magloire is surrounded by them. The folklore movement, the Museum of Ethnology, and the ancient rituals of voodoo again find themselves under fire.

Quiet at the Dam

Despite everything, Estimé represented a revolt against the past as no Haitian President in a century had done. The pity is that he did not represent even more of a revolt, for then he would not have succumbed so easily to the traditional temptations of easy money and irresponsible power. To the bitter-end followers of Estimé, Magloire represents a return to the past, another Negro figurehead for mulatto supremacy. It would be truer to say that, with his charming smile and gay manner, Magloire has dammed up the revolutionary stream that Estimé let loose. So far, however, Magloire has avoided extremes. The question is how long he can continue to do so.

Meanwhile, Haiti is quiet.

Bloody Harlan—II

An account of politics and assassination in a Kentucky county where the shotgun rather than the scales symbolizes justice

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

In Kentucky's notorious Harlan County, the pistol and the shotgun, not the blindfolded lady, are the symbols of justice. One must kill, or take the chance of being killed, to defend personal honor. The courts are not trusted; more often than not, they are considered irritating interlopers.

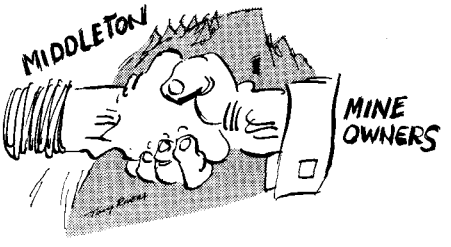
Death by firearms is accepted as one of life's normal hazards, like the coal-mining accidents that have widowed so many of the women and left so many of the men maimed. Each year, several die to avenge private wrongs. The simple mountain folk have an actual pride in these deaths, and in their own ability to survive amid such violence.

The Name of Fear

But even this isolated primitive society distinguishes between murder for "just cause" and murder for greed. There are those who subvert the code of the mountains to their own uses, and for private gain. These men are not admired; any respect they get is sired by fear.

In the town of Harlan, fear can start with one name: Merle Middleton. So long as that name remains out of the conversation, most residents talk freely of local violence and corruption. Only one small sign mars the open exchange with the reporter: Whenever a crime appears to be the work of organized forces, those forces are identified only as "they."

But once Middleton's name is mentioned, the conversation changes tempo abruptly. Some suddenly remember other appointments. Those willing to tell what they know do so in lowered voices, and only where they cannot be overheard, where they can watch all approaches. Most nervously profess to know nothing.



Still, the name must be brought up. For Merle Middleton runs Harlan, runs it not with any political demagoguery but with the pure force of a strong will, backed up by a personal history that informs everyone just how far he will go to get his way.

Fink to Financier

That history is hazy, and in spots almost legendary. Middleton himself avoided the subject in our only interview, a somewhat tense affair in which his attempts at courtesy were awkward and ludicrous, they failed completely to gloss over the man's cold, harsh nature. "I started from nothing," he told me flatly, and left it to me to fill in the details elsewhere.

The bare outline of his career is easy

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enough to form. He moved to Harlan County in 1913, while still a boy. As a young man, he operated several liquor stores. When the union wars came along in the 1930's, he allied himself with the mine owners and fought the unions for them. By the time those wars ended, he had bought out the county's major bus company, the V.T.C., which remains his major source of income.

Somewhere along the line, he became interested in local politics. His stated reason is that it was "necessary for business purposes." But his real reason seems to go far deeper, to some consuming passion for power—not power to control bootlegging or gambling, not power to make money, but power simply for power's sake.

His first taste of political power came during the war years, when he managed to be elected mayor. Reportedly, he bought a new black Cadillac to act the part. But the Harlan city council held the balance of power, and blocked him whenever it chose to. He found that he couldn't hope to control Harlan without controlling the council and the city police force appointed by it.

Merle came back. In the fall of 1949, he was elected to the city council himself, after a day of voting the Harlan *Enterprise* termed a "fiasco." In the two years since that election, several council members who didn't get along with Merle have unexpectedly resigned. Today the city council is his. His motions always win out by at least five votes to three. His brother Logan has been appointed police chief, and Logan's entire staff has been selected by the Middleton-dominated council.

The Gun-Barrel Voice

When I went to meet Merle Middleton at his bus terminal, even though I had listened for two days to lurid, often exaggerated stories of his activities, I expected a more mild-mannered man. There was no smile in his greeting, no warmth in his invitation to come up to his office and talk.

Merle wanted to appear in his most favorable light to this reporter who spoke of doing a story on him. His vanity dictated that much, as it had dictated his agreement to an interview the results of which he must have suspected would not be complimentary. But his voice, as hard and as authoritative as the barrel of the gun in his desk drawer, gave him away.

His statements were all very final, allowing little room for further investigation: "The people around here don't want more law enforcement; they like it the way it is!" . . . "National politics are out for me; they're too damned dirty." When I left him two hours later, with a map he had given me marking the fastest route out of the area, I learned nothing new.

Though it is easily enough outlined, Merle's past is difficult to set down in detail. In many cases it is impossible to define where fact ends and legend begins. In other cases, the facts simply could not be proved to the satisfaction of any future court. The best background information comes from the records of the U.S. Senate's LaFollette subcommittee on civil liberties, which visited Harlan in 1937 to investigate the bloody practices being used to fight the unions.

Merle Middleton's name was mentioned frequently in connection with violence done to union men, and certain testimony concerning his activities was inserted in the record:

Middleton had served as deputy sheriff in Harlan County from January 1, 1934, when his second cousin T. R. Middleton became "high sheriff," until he resigned in his own good time a year later. For four years spanning this period, Merle had also been on the payroll of the Harlan-Wallins Coal Company. According to a witness who had worked under him, Middleton's actual position with the coal company, at $150 a month, was that of "chief of the gun thugs."

Less than five months after Merle was deputized, a Harlan grand jury recommended his discharge, along with that of Logan Middleton and six other deputy sheriffs. "In practically every homicide which has occurred in Harlan County since the first of the year," the grand jury explained, "officers figure prominently."

Merle Middleton's individual prominence was emphasized in the LaFollette reports. In the two-month period immediately preceding the grand jury's futile recommendations, the following court entries were listed against him by the committee staff:

Indicted with Curley Doe for Banding and Confederating.

Indicted with Bill Lewis for Malicious Striking and Wounding and Pointing a Pistol.

Indicted for Assault and Battery.

Indicted with Charles Middleton and Logan Middleton for Banding and Confederating.

Indicted with Logan Middleton on two cases of Murder.

By the time the LaFollette group held its hearing in Harlan three years later, all five of these indictments had been dismissed, as had been a concurrent indictment for still a third murder charged against Logan Middleton. One was dismissed for lack of evidence; two for lack of prosecution; the remaining two, strangely enough, on direct motion of the government prosecutor.

The LaFollette committee eventually got Merle himself on the stand, after he had dodged one subpoena by telling the server there was another Merle Middleton in the county. Senator LaFollette personally remarked on Merle's unsatisfactory testimony. When LaFollette asked him about the two murders he and Logan had been indicted for in 1934, he replied: "Two fellows were gambling and killed each other, the best I could learn about it." Beyond that, his favorite answer to questions was "I disremember."

But another committee witness, one Bill C. ("Thug") Johnson, was more willing to talk. Johnson frankly admitted he had "thugged" for Harlan-Wallins in 1934, taking his orders from Merle Middleton. He described thugging as "hunting for union men, organizers, and so forth in Harlan County."

Like hunting for deer, Senator LaFollette asked.

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Yes, said Johnson.

What did Johnson do when he caught them, the Senator wanted to know.

Just like deer, Johnson answered. We killed them.

Had Johnson ever been in on the finale of such a hunt?

"Well, I never did kill nobody *in Harlan County.*"

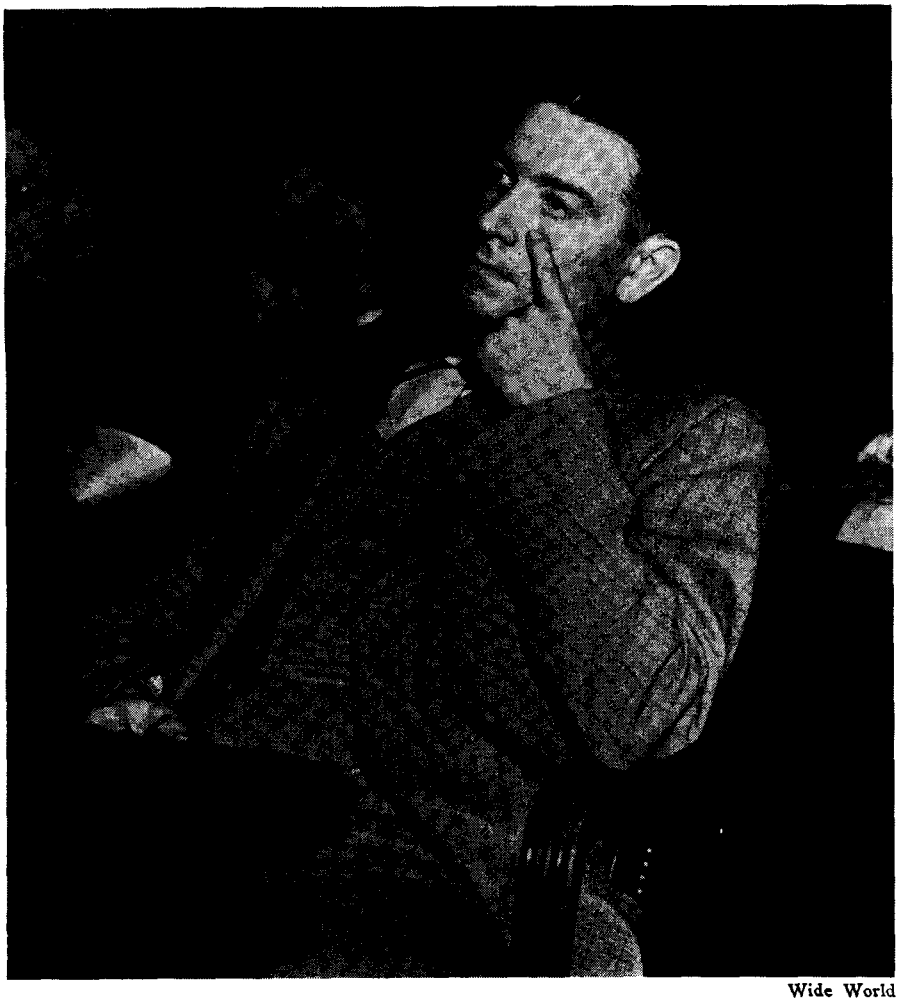
'The Fun of It'

Johnson testified that Merle Middleton was in charge of about twenty-five thugs at Harlan-Wallins. He recalled at least four separate occasions on which Merle had ordered him to join in breaking up scheduled union meetings with guns, and two occasions on which he had taken trips to Cumberland, in upper Harlan County, under instructions from Merle "to hunt organizers."

Senator LaFollette interrupted to ask about a statement made to the committee by another witness, a statement to the effect that Merle once kicked a fallen union man all the way across some nearby railroad tracks. Johnson agreed with LaFollette that Merle had done this "just for the fun of it."

Johnson said he was also present when William Turnblazer, district president of the United Mine Workers, came to Harlan in December, 1934. He stated that he, Merle, and others met Turnblazer's car at the county line, and followed it back to the Lewallen Hotel in downtown Harlan. After Turnblazer had registered, Merle, Johnson, and the others also took rooms at the hotel. According to Johnson, Merle told him privately: "We are going to take him [Turnblazer] out and bump him off tonight."

If Johnson was correct, Turnblazer owed his life to the governor, who was tipped off and dispatched a National Guard unit to protect the union leader. After a few shots were exchanged outside the hotel, the Guard took control. At 3 A.M. Merle told Johnson he might as well go home; nothing was going to happen. The next day, the soldiers escorted Turnblazer out of town and across the county line.



Wide World

Merle Middleton

Merle was not always associated with the giving end of violence, however. Hugh Jones, the father of the former University of Kentucky basketball star "Wah-Wah" Jones, was tried in Harlan, shortly before he himself was murdered, for the mistaken-identity killing of a man he thought was Merle Middleton. And in 1936, Merle considered a man named Rorick enough of a personal threat to hire "Thug" Johnson as bodyguard.

Libel and Legitimacy

Ironically, it was Merle's work for the Harlan-Wallins Coal Company that got him started as a legitimate businessman. During one period of extreme violence in 1935, the Nashville *News-Sentinel* printed two news items indicating its opinion of the man. Merle sued for damages, and collected. Reportedly, the amount was more than he would have collected from Harlan-Wallins, at his going salary, in ten years of steady work. At any rate, it was enough to buy out the V.T.C. bus lines.

With the purchase of his first stock in the V.T.C., Merle gave up doing dirty work for others. Gradually he enlarged his financial holdings, acquiring among other things a part interest in the Cadillac agency at Lexington.

He began to travel extensively but the V.T.C. always dragged him back to Harlan. He was forced to take an active interest in local road construction, and in the tax policies of the town. This meant politics. And politics "hooked" him like a drug addiction. He devoted increased energies to forming his own solid camp within the local Republican Party.

The Portable Poll

In 1949, Merle was prepared for his comeback. He and four of his cohorts won places on the Republican city-council slate. Among the charges leveled at Merle by opposing Democrats was that "Your business enterprises pay only $16.14 to the city. That's correct, only $16.14 tax on 55 buses . . . a bus station and a business that runs into millions."

But if the campaign was not gentle-

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manly, it was still mild compared with the events of Election Day. Merle appeared at Carr's Glass Shop, the usual voting station for the third precinct, with a document signed by sheriff James S. Cawood. The document ordered that the third precinct station be moved immediately to Merle's V.T.C. bus terminal. A group of voters in the glass shop at the time objected, and pointed out that any legal order would have to come from the election commissioners, not from the sheriff.

"We'll take the box anyway," said city patrolman Felix Belcher, who had accompanied Merle.

When the crowd of voters protested loudly, Belcher went for his gun. But before he could draw it, one of the leaders of the crowd pointed a shotgun at him. The shotgun was convincing enough to stall further action until three state police cars could be rushed to the scene. The voting station stayed where it was.

At the fourth precinct voting station in the Lewallen Hotel, however, the Middleton faction had more success. Under a similar order from Cawood, that station was moved, without opposition, to the home of Merle Middleton's mother, directly across the street from the V.T.C. terminal.

The next day, the Harlan *Enterprise* announced the results. Merle and two of his cronies had been elected to the city council, along with two Democrats and two independent Republicans. "Republicans swept the Cumberland avenue precinct with the polling place in the home of Merle H. Middleton's mother," the *Enterprise* reporter noted.

John L. Greenlee, who won his own campaign for city police chief in that election despite opposition from the Middleton group, claims he was in the home of Merle's mother when the results from the fourth precinct were tabulated. He says he counted more than fifty ballots that were marked only for Merle Middleton, out of all the city offices listed. Depending on the exact count of such ballots, their loss might have cost Merle his city-council seat. As it was, he ran fifth of seven.

Process of Elimination

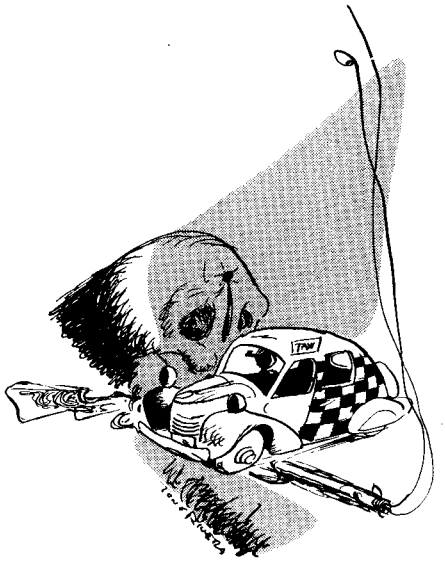
One of the strangest features of the election, in the light of more recent events, was the fact that two men named Avery Hensley and Claude Beach worked together against the Middleton faction. In fact, it was Avery Hensley who leveled the shotgun at patrolman Belcher that day in the glass shop. And at his side, in the van of the angry voters, was Claude Beach.

Yet, a year and six months later, Avery Hensley was dead, shot down in the street by Claude Beach; and Claude had been sentenced to life imprisonment for his murder.

The tangled web of circumstances that turned these two men against each other is worth examining. For years they had shared control of Georgetown, a small, predominantly Negro adjunct of Harlan proper, just across the Cumberland River. At one end of this long, thin district lived Avery Hensley, with his family. At the other end lived Wheeler Beach, Claude's younger brother. The Hensleys owned most of the sagging, dirty houses from their own home to the middle of Georgetown. Most in the other half were owned by the Beaches. In his half, Avery Hensley ran a grocery store, and handled bootleg whiskey and beer from time to time. In the other half, Claude Beach pursued exactly the same trades.

Still, from all reports, the two men got on comparatively well together. They seemed satisfied to share not only their markets but also their political power, power which arose from their common practice of carrying their Negro clients and tenants on credit in bad times, and in return demanding and getting their votes at election time.

This power was enough to worry anyone who wanted to control Harlan politically, including Merle Middleton. In fact, since Georgetown comprises a sizable share of Harlan's third precinct, it is only logical to assume that the power of Avery Hensley and Claude Beach was the chief reason the Middleton faction sought to move the polling station of that precinct in the 1949 election. That the faction didn't succeed was directly due to the united stand of Avery and Claude.



The first sign that this united stand was not appreciated appeared six months after the 1949 election. As Claude Beach sat in his car in downtown Harlan one evening, two city policemen, both recent appointees of the Middleton-dominated city council, arrested him on a charge of drunkenness. They disarmed him and took him to jail. But then, after refusing him permission to drive his car, they promptly released him. The most often heard explanation of this somewhat strange procedure is that Claude was not drunk at all, that he was arrested merely to be disarmed.

After being discharged, Claude dropped by a room he kept downtown and, without the two policemen's knowledge, got another gun. Then he started on foot back to Georgetown. As he neared his brother's house at the far end of the street, he heard a car coming up behind him. He turned but saw no lights. When the car passed under a street light, however, he recognized it as a police car and broke into a run. Just as the car came to a stop, he got to the front door of Wheeler's house. It was locked.

As the two patrolmen opened fire, Claude dropped flat on the porch and struggled with his pistol. The battle lasted long enough for Claude to empty his gun, reload, and fire again. When it was over, he had killed one of the patrolmen and chased off the other.

A jury decided Claude had killed in self-defense, and freed him. For several weeks, however, Claude was still worried; he didn't know when the next attempt would be made on his life. Then he brightened, and told friends he thought things had been worked out so that there would be no more trouble.

Kilkenny Cats

Unfortunately, he was wrong. A few weeks later, Avery Hensley's liquor cache was raided. The rumor was start-

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ed that Claude Beach had "turned Avery up." Claude denied this when confronted personally by Avery, and further denied it to intimate friends, people he had no reason whatever to lie to.

Two weeks later, the Hensley grocery store burned to the ground. Again the local whispers blamed Claude Beach.

Avery moved whatever he could salvage into a nearby house, to carry on the business while rebuilding. This house, in turn, was burned out. And although Avery had not harmed Claude directly in any manner during this period, again Claude Beach was blamed.

It ended last May, when Avery waited, gun in pocket, across the street from a small diner in which Claude sat eating. Claude was tipped off. He went out the back door, through the alley, and, catching Avery from the side, killed him. By the coroner's count, Claude put six bullets into Avery's body.

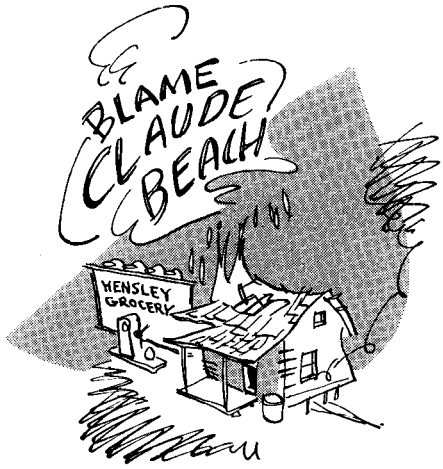
The killing couldn't end there, however, for Avery had a hotheaded stepson named Joe. Joe came around the corner as Avery lay dying on the sidewalk, and Avery shoved his gun toward the young man.

With the gun in his hand, Joe started down the street after Claude. Witnesses heard the click of the hammer hitting an empty chamber, and Claude escaped—to surrender later in Bell County, in the custody of Logan Middleton.

The Hunter Hunted

Joe Hensley was still looking for Claude Beach six hours later, as he sat in the back seat of a taxicab near the V.T.C. terminal. A man named Orel ("Dock") Nantz, who had once worked for Merle Middleton, approached the cab, shotgun in hand. Witnesses saw Nantz struggle briefly with the driver, Don Harville, who was standing outside his cab. Nantz knocked Harville down with the barrel of his gun, then fired into the back seat of the cab. Harville came to his feet, and Nantz knocked him down again. Then he sent a second shot into the cab. Joe Hensley was dead.

A grand jury indicted both Claude and his brother Wheeler for the murder of Avery Hensley, though Circuit Judge Astor Hogg later upheld a de-



fense motion for severance of Wheeler's trial. Claude went on trial alone, in a courtroom where spectators were searched at the door for weapons before being permitted to enter. Within a week, a jury selected from nearby Letcher County returned a verdict of guilty. On June 19, Claude Beach was sentenced to life imprisonment, by order of Judge Hogg.

Homicide Headquarters

The same grand jury that indicted Claude and Wheeler Beach also returned three indictments for the murder of Joe Hensley. One was against Dock Nantz. The others were against Ray Smith and Charles Wade, two men who, like those who had fired on Claude Beach a year earlier, were Harlan police appointees of the Middleton-controlled city council.

At the time of their indictment for the murder of Joe Hensley, it was brought out, Patrolmen Wade and Smith were free on bond in connection with the killing of one C. D. Bengey in downtown Harlan in January. It was also brought out that they had both been returned to duty following the Bengey shooting. Only after their indictment for the Hensley murder were they suspended from the Harlan city police force.

Judge Hogg decided to try Dock Nantz first, and to postpone the trial of Wade and Smith until October. At the trial, which ended in the eighth death sentence in Harlan's violent history, the reason for Hogg's decision was clarified when Wade turned state's witness and identified Dock Nantz as the man who shot Joe Hensley.

Witnesses during Dock's trial testified that both Smith and Wade could have acted to prevent Joe's slaying, but didn't. Several testified the two patrolmen were standing beside Dock when he knocked down Harville and fired into the taxicab. One went further, saying Wade and Smith "made no effort that I could see" to stop Nantz.

Greenlee's Retreat

Whatever the real cause of that bloody evening in May, however, Merle Middleton could hardly be disappointed with the effects—at least, as far as they concerned his political ambitions. Avery Hensley was dead, as was his stepson Joe, the heir apparent to the Hensley power in Georgetown. And Claude Beach, the other political power in the third precinct, was out of the way with a life sentence.

Another man who has reason to suspect that his opposition to the Middleton faction has not been appreciated is John L. Greenlee, former Harlan chief of police, now operator of a saloon and liquor store in Cumberland. Greenlee first became police chief shortly after the war, when the Democrats controlled the city council. At that time, the office was appointive.

The Middleton group, confident that it could beat Greenlee at the polls with its own candidate, wanted to make the position elective. And in 1948, with the help of an old Middleton crony, former Mayor John W. Bates, the Middleton faction succeeded. For the first time, in the 1949 election, the Harlan police chief would be selected by the people's votes.

The Middleton strategy backfired, however. Greenlee, supported by Claude Beach and Avery Hensley among others, won the election easily from the Middleton candidate, Harmon Noe. Harlan's first elected police chief soon learned what he was up against. When he submitted a list of the men he wanted on his staff, it was completely ignored. Merle Middleton's city council picked its own policemen without consulting Greenlee's roster at all.

A few weeks later, one of Greenlee's friends informed him of a plot against his life. A sham riot was to be staged. Greenlee would be called in, as chief of police, to break it up. In the process, he would be hit by a stray bullet and killed.

Greenlee quit shortly afterward. "I

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got out before they got me," he recalled recently from behind his bar in Cumberland.

. . . With the Wrong Women

Of Merle Middleton's private life, I could learn little on my two visits to Harlan. Even his religious affiliations are somewhat in doubt. He has told intimates he is a Catholic, but pretends to be a Baptist for political reasons.

Even today, much of his time is spent away from Harlan, and what he does on those trips is not known locally. He did talk at some length to me of various racetracks.

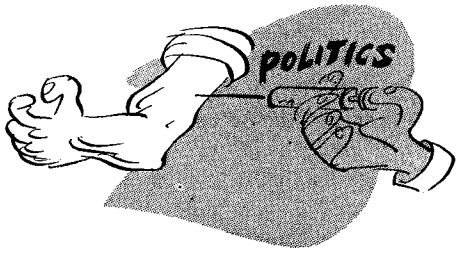
The facts of his home life, and the women in that life, are just as vague. It is said he is devoted to his mother, and consults her on political as well as business matters. No one is even certain how many wives he has had. His first, Victoria, divorced him and now lives in Lexington.

He obtained his latest wife, Lorene Bowling, from the nearby Henderson Settlement School at a very tender age. Rumor has it that he gave her a new Packard convertible, only to have her disappear in it for a period of days. Shortly after she returned, the car was taken back into the mountains and destroyed by fire. Lorene is now separated from Merle and lives in Middlesboro, Kentucky.

One of the more intelligent residents of Harlan, a lady who has known Merle for many years, blames whatever faults Merle may have on his bad luck with women. "If he had just met the right girl," she says, "he would have been a real upstanding man."

Even taken as he is, the lady does not object to Merle's political control of Harlan. "If it weren't Merle, it would just be somebody else," she says. "And I think he's giving us a better, cleaner government than most who went before him."

(This is the second in a series of articles on Harlan and Bell Counties, Kentucky.)



News the People Can't Get

ALLEN RAYMOND

RETURNING to the United States recently after ten years within and around the Iron Curtain countries, I have been startled to learn to what an extent the practice of secrecy in government has grown up in my own nation.

Suppression or distortion of information about the activities of government is general, carefully planned, and deliberate in the offices of elected and appointed officials on national, state, and local levels.

Four Kinds of Secrecy

There are four major areas of secrecy in which the public's right to information is being violated by governmental agencies. One is the activity of legislatures, courts, and executive boards in secret or "executive" sessions, from which the public is barred. A few of these closed meetings may be justified. Most are not.

A second region of secrecy is the increasing control of governmental information by formal statements on selected topics from the heads of executive agencies. This "release" system is supplemented by gag rules imposed on all underlings under penalty of losing their jobs and outright refusal by arrogant bureaucrats to answer questions of clear public concern.

A third region of secrecy is the sealing or impounding of official records or failure to keep any. By these devices, no one except the legislators or executives concerned may know what they are doing about the public's business, or what reasons individual governmental agents or elected representatives may advance for what they do or how they vote.

A fourth region of secrecy is the extention by the military establishment of so-called "military security" into fields having little or no bearing upon the nation's safety, sometimes involving outright violations of constitutional civil liberties.

The Editors Wake Up

It was not until 1949, well after the close of the Second World War, that American newspapers began to awaken to what was happening. Then Basil Walters, the able executive editor of the Chicago *Daily News,* warned the American Society of Newspaper Editors, representing some two thousand American newspapers, that they were losing their right of access to public information by default—by failure to fight for it. The society organized a Committee on Freedom of Information, of which James S. Pope, managing editor of the Louisville *Courier Journal,* is chairman. Pope has begun to suspect that "the biggest news story in Ameri a today is the story of the vast amount of news, to which the people of America are entitled, that is being kept from them by their government."

The committee has barely begun to gather information on the reasons why readers of newspapers are not better informed about their government's activities. The committee has enlisted the services of Harold L. Cross, retired New York lawyer, for many years one of the most distinguished practitioners of newspaper law, to collate information upon the legal aspects of the struggle.

The editors haven't got very far yet, but they have learned a little more than they knew before about the nature of their problem, partly by an exchange of information among members, and partly by Cross's researches into court decisions and statutes.

They have found that New Mexico

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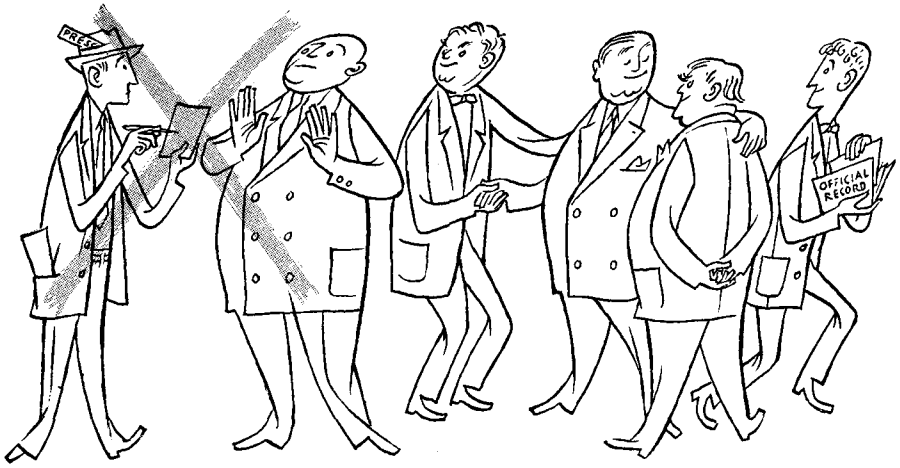

appears to prohibit closed meetings of municipal bodies of all kinds and requires every municipality to furnish all newspapers in the county each month with full and correct statements of all business transacted. In Rhode Island, on the contrary, the city of Pawtucket has declined to furnish the press with records of its payrolls, city purchases and contracts, leases of city property, sales of city bonds and notes, and even tax abatements to favored citizens.

Or take the case of the Albany, New York, *Knickerbocker News,* which only this year has tried in vain to learn through the Bureau of Internal Revenue which saloons in its city were robbing their patrons by diluting whiskey or selling cheap rot-gut under famous brand names.

Early this year, Charles L. Mooney, city editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker News,* took his wife to a fashionable roadhouse near the state capitol. He was served liquor so outrageously watered that he was led first to protest and then to start a little inquiry.

Gradually he learned by confidential information extended to his reporters that in 1950 investigators of the Bureau of Internal Revenue had discovered adulteration of liquor in 368 saloons within the capital area and had levied fines totalling $37,465.33 upon offenders without bringing them into Federal Court, by a process known as "confidential compromise."

Mooney was shocked to learn that neither he nor anybody else had any right to know which saloonkeepers were being fined and how much.

The editorial comment of the *Knickerbocker News* upon this discovery, was as follows: "For a Federal bureau to deny information to the public on saloons it has found watering liquor and substituting cheap brands for expensive ones puts it in the position of aiding and abetting the guilty by concealing their wrong doings. . . . The people go into public places to spend their money. They have a right to know whether the proprietors of these places are conducting their business legitimately."

The editor of the *Knickerbocker News,* Gerald Salisbury, called the attention of the Freedom of Information Committee of the A.S.N.E. to this situation. Its chairman, James S. Pope, asked the Bureau of Internal Revenue on what grounds it kept secret the names of the guilty saloonkeepers. He received a reply from Charles Oliphant, chief counsel to the bureau, to the effect that "compromises" of charges against tavernkeepers accused of adulterating their product are not matters of public record under the law.

These "compromise" fines, Oliphant said, "are in the interest of the individual and the bureau.

"In general, compromises are offered [by the tavernkeepers] and accepted [by the government] in cases where liability to tax is doubtful. The authority to compromise thereby enables the bureau to reach, by negotiation, a type of case which otherwise might escape corrective action."

He pointed out to the editors that Congress has given extensive consideration to the matter of making official records of Federal executive departments public when considering the latest Executive Procedures Act. Provision was made for making some records closed to the public by statute, others "open to persons properly and directly concerned," within the discretion of the chiefs of bureaus.

"It is clear," Oliphant wrote, "that it was not the intention of Congress to open government files for general inspection."

Pope was not satisfied with this reply. "Adulteration of any product is of intense interest to the public," he replied. "Actually, the various divisions of the government in Washington have set up a new type of offender, the man who transgresses not a law but a bureau regulation. Now, if a pickpocket lifted my wallet or yours in a bar, and I could catch him, he would be tried openly. Nobody would attempt to hush it up. The secrecy involved in these transactions seems to us indefensible."

Of course what this periodic shakedown of saloonkeepers by revenue agents amounts to is a species of blackmail, in which for a few hundred dollars, the offender is permitted to keep right on secretly robbing the public. In New York State, the *Knickerbocker News* found that the state officials who have the power of granting and withholding liquor licenses are never informed by the Federal government of who the guilty saloonkeepers are. Secrecy makes correction of the abuse impossible. It also renders the business of honest innkeepers more difficult, since it subjects them to competition by lawbreakers, with the connivance of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Where the British Beat Us

The rights of newspapers, or of citizens and taxpayers, to inspect the records of American governments varies greatly from place to place. But denial of access to public records is no more irksome to newspaper editors in many communities than the failure of governmental bodies to keep adequate records or any records at all.

Particular offenders are the state legislatures. Editorial campaigns have been conducted for years to get the country's legislatures to keep adequate reports of their deliberations, without very much success. No transcript whatever is taken in most of the states.

The state that maintains the best system is probably Massachusetts. Transcripts are kept daily and made available to the press the next morning at nine o'clock for a small charge.

No American system can approach the Hansard system of the House of

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Commons, in backward, old-fashioned London. In that capital every word of debate in the House and all votes are made available by ticker in the newspaper offices of the country within a few hours of the actual event.

No verbatim legislative record whatever is kept in the States of Illinois, Alabama, and Washington. Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and West Virginia record their debates, but their transcripts for use by the newspapers usually lag by weeks or months. Most of the states, however, issue brief summaries of each day's doings, showing motions, roll calls, bills introduced, and action taken by numerical vote, though often without naming the voters.

Michigan has a wire-recording system hooked into the public address system of its legislative halls, and all public meetings are recorded. Citizens may obtain written transcripts of the wire recordings for a small fee. The New York State Society of Newspaper Editors has been campaigning for several years to get a daily transcript of the sessions in Albany, but so far with no success.

So wary are some legislators about letting the public know what they say in debate that the Senate of Missouri has a rule prohibiting gallery spectators from taking notes.

School Board: No Admittance

The most widely prevalent mechanism by which governmental servants hide their words and actions from public gaze, of course, is the closed, or "executive," session of legislative bodies. Congressional committees have set the example. Their lead is followed down through the state and local governments. No accurate tabulation exists today of the number of state and local assemblies where the most important deliberations are held *in camera.* It certainly runs into the thousands—and sometimes in defiance of constitutions, charters, and statutes.

In 1944 a small group of editors who began to notice growing resistance to their news-gathering efforts among local governments sent out questionnaires to fellow editors. They learned that secret meetings of municipal councils were the rule in twenty-three out of sixty-three cities and were held occasionally in eight more.

Cities in which secret sessions were the rule included such populous

centers as Charlotte, North Carolina; Columbia, Missouri; Fort Worth; Jackson, Michigan; Johnstown, Pennsylvania; Pittsburgh; Portland, Oregon; and Salt Lake City. Small cities and townships were quite like the large ones. The Bergen *Record,* of Hackensack, New Jersey, reported that seventy towns in its immediate area had executive sessions for debate and decisions, to be followed by formal meetings at which the decisions adopted in secret were voted, to conform to charters requiring public transaction of the public's business.

No particular region of the United States is unique in these practices. In New Haven, where the city council meets openly, the board of finance, which really controls the council, meets behind barred doors. In St. Louis, where the city charter specifically forbids secret meetings of the board of aldermen, the board sometimes has "informal" secret sessions.

Reporters asking questions about one such meeting were told that the aldermen were merely planning a picnic. Later it developed that they actually were discussing a bill to permit Negroes to eat in public lunchrooms, and that this topic was considered too controversial for the open discussion required by law.

The rule of secrecy which is true of so many of the deliberations of municipal councils was found by the editors to be equally true of local school boards. Meetings dealing with the hiring and qualifications of teachers, the setting of salaries, the construction of new schools and renovation of old ones, with complaints by teachers' associations or parent-teachers' associations, with changes in the curricula, are today held in secret in thousands of cities large and small. Perfunctory public meetings either precede or follow them to conform with the public's rightful, and sometimes lawful, demand that deliberations be conducted in the presence of all citizens having an interest in them.

Up until recently at least, the public has been barred regularly from the deliberations of school boards in Chicago; Columbia, Missouri; Denver; Roanoke, Virginia; Providence, Rhode Island; Evansville, Indiana; Flint, Michigan; Portland, Oregon; and Baltimore—just to name a few. Yet the public has been admitted to school-board meetings in Buffalo; Boston; Dubuque; Freeport, Illinois; Hartford; and Lynchburg, Virginia.

The Pentagon's Secret Duck

The country's military establishment, of course, has taken the lead in increasing the area of secrecy in government. Under the guise of national security, the armed forces and National Security Council have placed hasty and ill-considered prohibitions on all kinds of business and scientific news, and pushed the region of military authority into many fields reserved under the Constitution for the civil authorities.

The price of goods sold by American businessmen to the government is of legitimate interest to every American businessman; and the price paid by the government to anyone for anything is of legitimate interest to any citizen who pays taxes to support that government. Yet the military establishment in practice has tried to impose a news blackout on both the prices it

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pays and on the amounts of goods purchased.

Editors of newspapers this year were informed by the Mohawk Carpet Company that it had received a defense order for duck cloth, but "... due to the limitations imposed by the military," the company reported, it was "not at liberty to reveal the yardage or the price."

Neither yardage nor price of cloth can be considered a matter of secrecy vital to the defense of this country so long as the Federal government itself announces major figures on the number of men in its armed services, and the number of ships, planes, and tanks put in service with them.

Secrecy over business contracts between departments of the government and manufacturers is not a matter of security for this country. It is a matter of insecurity for every citizen. It is security only for rascals within the government or business, persons like Major General Bennett Meyers, who was jailed for frauds in connection with Air Force contracts in 1948.

How far is the military trying to push this matter of secrecy in government? At the instigation of the National Security Council, the Department of Commerce has set up an advisory censorship for businessmen and industrialists. A bulletin has advised them not to make public to anyone even "unclassified" data on "advanced industrial developments, production know-how . . . strategic equipment, and special installations."

If the industrialists and businessmen of the country really were to pay any attention to such nonsense, they would immediately put out of business every technical and scientific magazine in the nation and render every professional society of engineers and scientists powerless to function. The dissemination of news on these matters is vital to the very existence of modern industry and modern science. Prohibition on giving out news of "unclassified" data on matters involved in the national defense effort climbs to the very pinnacle of absurdity, since practically every Army, Navy, and Air Force document has been classified as secret, restricted, or confidential at some time or other, and declassification is so slow as to be practically nonexistent.

There can be no question that during the state of undeclared war, while our soldiers are fighting on Asian battlefields, a high degree of true military security, blacking out much information that might otherwise reach the public, is essential to the welfare of this country. That the people of this country will gladly entrust its armed forces with the custody of real military secrets stands beyond dispute.

How the Press Has Failed

But the people as a whole have not yet come to grips with a very real problem as to their own rights to information on their government's doings in an age of tension. The armed forces are to be far larger than was ever dreamed of within the United States until very recently. This is to be a continuing condition of American society for a long time to come. If experience is any criterion, the military will constantly seek to enlarge the area of secrecy as regards their own dealings with everyone, and will have the emotional appeal of the flag and dying youth to strengthen their efforts. Once the concept of proper secrecy in large portions of U.S. government has been conceded by the people, the way has been opened to secrecy in as many other portions as legislators or bureaucrats may desire for their own advantage.

Originally such Founding Fathers as Thomas Jefferson had the idea that a free, independent, and vigilant press, guaranteed in its rights by the Constitution, would have the power to keep the people informed about the activities of their governmental agents, and thus help shape the public opinion which would elect them. Certainly the daily press today has no such power. Somewhere the press has lost it.

But the right of the people to the greatest possible measure of information about their government's activities goes far beyond any question of the interest of daily newspaper proprietors or editors. They are merely the merchants of the information. The question of public information goes to the very roots of popular government in this country.

Unless some force outside of government, deriving its power from the people themselves, can restrain governmental agents and pry information from their possession, even more of the public's business than today will be conducted behind closed doors. All power of actually controlling the government will have departed from an increasingly ignorant electorate.

Public Scandal?

The great service that the Committee on Freedom of Information of the American Society of Newspaper Editors has performed so far is to call attention, albeit in a weak voice, to the growing ineffectuality of the daily press in providing what the public needs; the great areas of government from which information diminishes; and the dark jungles of law, by conflicting court decisions and statutes, which separate

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the people from information that is properly theirs.

According to Harold Cross, the editors' counsel, the legal right of citizens to information from government is very tenuous indeed: "The state of the law, viewed over-all . . . is not adequate to the needs of the public or press. In some areas, which tend to expand, secrecy is enjoined by mandatory legislation. Of other areas it may be said that there is no absolute enforcible legal right in anyone to inspect any record, so hedged about with uncertainties is the right and so hobbled by frailties and technicalities is the legal procedure."

Recently a few newspaper editors and other citizens and taxpayers have sued in the courts for access to governmental records denied to them by local officials. Their remedy in the courts is commonly a process called a *mandamus*. This is an order to be granted by a court, within its own discretion, directing the officials to produce the records for public inspection.

In some cases the courts have granted the plea of petitioners. In some they have not, according to Cross, ". . . even when as citizens and taxpayers there was no real doubt as to their legal right to inspect."

So it has been in Rhode Island, up to this very minute, where the Providence *Journal* has been suing to inspect the record of secret tax abatements to property owners favored by the Pawtucket City Council. The ruling of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island on the *Journal*'s petition, delivered after the newspaper had won two victories in lower courts, reads as follows: "It is clearly within the rule that no one has the right to examine or obtain copies of public records for mere curiosity or for the purpose of creating public scandal."

The revelation of favoritism or potential corruption in taxation by local government may, indeed, expose a scandal. It may also, from the public's point of view, be a very salutary scandal and lead to municipal reform. All over this country the people are entitled to news—even to scandalous news—which they cannot get.

The Moral Power of Mr. Lehman

The code of honor followed by New York's junior Senator stands as a reproach to some of his more opportunistic colleagues

WILLIAM SHANNON

HERBERT LEHMAN is a moral man. The junior Senator from New York, now seventy-three, has for the fifty years of his adult career as banker, philanthropist, and politician adhered to a rigid code of personal honor and social responsibility.

As a young man just out of college in 1899, he devoted his spare time to the leadership of a boys' club at the Henry Street Settlement in New York. Almost ever since, he has been serving on boards of directors of charity groups, and contributing his money and his talents to various kinds of public service. In the business world, his reputation for ethical dealing was high. In public life in New York, his mere presence often seemed to set a standard for those around him.

This moral function is one which Lehman has continued to fulfill in the U.S. Senate and which his colleagues have found most unsettling. Lehman seeks to disavow any such role, but he cannot escape it, perhaps because his colleagues' conduct so often puts him in a superior position.

Calling McCarthy's Bluff

Moral complacency was already in the ascendancy when Lehman came to the Senate in 1949. In his two years of service, he has met, to be sure, a few high-caliber colleagues and learned also that the majority of members on both sides of the aisle are amiable, hard-working, well-intentioned men. Again and again, however, he has run up against granite prejudices and irresponsibility. What is worse, he has found that the majority of the Senate doesn't seem to care.

It was only a few weeks after Lehman came to the Senate that Joseph R. McCarthy began his campaign against the State Department. The Democrats, who now walk off the floor en masse when McCarthy begins to talk, innocently believed in those early days that McCarthy could be argued with and refuted with facts and logic.

At one point in an early debate, McCarthy flourished a document which he said would prove his charges. Lehman challenged him to read it aloud. McCarthy said he could not do so, but added: "I will show it to the Senator and allow him to read it for himself."

Lehman promptly walked across the floor and stretched out his hand. McCarthy refused to give the paper up.

Equally revealing for Lehman was a radio debate in which he participated with Senator Homer Capehart, Indi-

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ana Republican, last spring on the Far Eastern policy of the United States and on MacArthur's dismissal. The discussion, in which Senators Robert A. Taft and Hubert Humphrey participated, grew heated. Just as the program was ending, Capehart denounced Humphrey and Lehman as pro-Communist China. They denied it. Capehart began to push Humphrey. Lehman sought to intervene. Capehart shoved him. Lehman held his own during thirty seconds or so of clumsy sparring before the fight was broken up.

Lehman later remarked: "Nothing like that ever happened to me before. You know before I came down here, I used to think the Senate was the greatest deliberative body in the world."

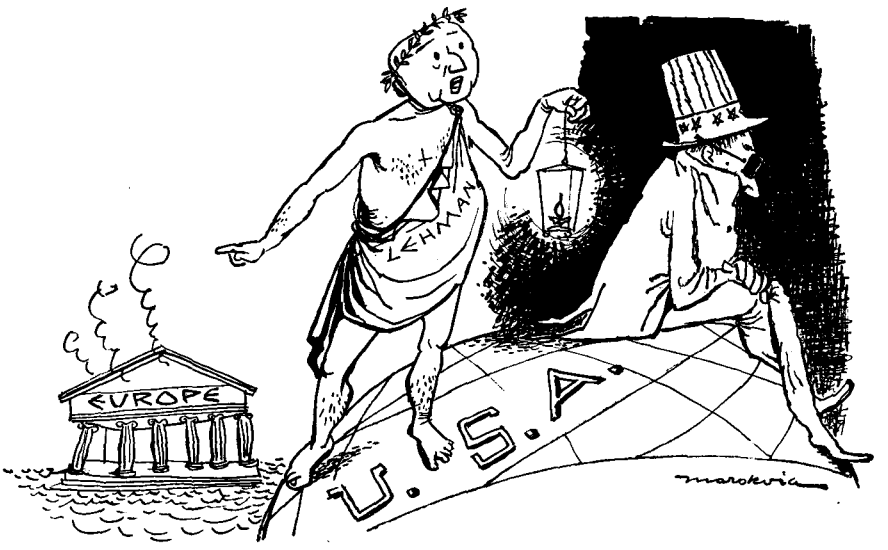
In 1936, the *New Yorker,* writing about Lehman, remarked, "Like many people, he has to think twice before he can distinguish between a Communist and a Socialist." This, of course, was a good-natured exaggeration, yet for a man who does not go in for intellectual subtleties, Lehman certainly had no difficulty distinguishing the central issue in the controversy over the McCarran Internal Security Act. He was the only Senator up for re-election in 1950 who voted against this law.

Refusal to Compromise

Hubert Humphrey and Paul Douglas, both with more spectacular liberal reputations, rationalized themselves into voting for the bill. Quite possibly the Federal government had all the laws it needed to combat the Communist threat in this country. Once McCarran and the Republicans had raised the issue of passing a law against Communism, however, Douglas and Humphrey felt it would be politically dangerous for them to do anything except go along. They feared the law would be ineffective in fighting Communism and damaging to civil liberties. But who wanted to vote against anti-Communism?

Lehman did, since he thought this was the wrong kind of anti-Communism. "I shall try to clarify the issue," he said, "and not to confuse it."

This position struck home to the other liberals. If Lehman, who was the only one up for re-election, could oppose the bill, then so could they. Humphrey and Douglas shamefacedly reversed themselves.



It did not even occur to Lehman to vote for the bill. He has an old-fashioned, eighteenth-century feeling for civil liberties, based on his deep, implicit confidence in the vitality and flexibility of the American system.

Victory on D.P.'s

For a sensitive man like Lehman, the overtones and nuances of the fight for a liberalized displaced-persons law involved the greatest personal anguish. This bill, as it came out of the Judiciary Committee headed by McCarran, was most unsatisfactory to friends of the D.P.'s. Lehman felt this with particular keenness because when he had been UNRRA chief in 1943-1946 he had set up the first D.P. camp in Europe.

Beneath the surface of the opposition to admitting D.P.'s lay a mass of anti-Semitic bigotry. Lehman sensed this, and he realized that as a Jew he would be in a vulnerable position. Yet he saw no other course save to plunge in and fight for a better bill.

McCarran's measure first came to the floor in February, 1950. It might have passed easily, because McCarran is rarely beaten on a bill which he himself is sponsoring. The intensity of Lehman's opposition, however, caused the Senate to postpone action for a time. When it was brought up again, Lehman succeeded in forcing the substitution of a bill written by Senator Harley Kilgore of West Virginia. Then, in a bitter conflict lasting more than three weeks, he managed to beat off all McCarran's restrictive amendments.

There was no genuine communication. Lehman kept talking about human suffering and human need. His opponents spoke of legal technicalities and the threat of Communism.

At the outset, most of the Senators had been more afraid of McCarran than of a few displaced persons. As the debate wore on, they became bored and exasperated with McCarran's obstinacy. Lehman began to pick up support. In a climactic session, the substitute bill passed almost unchanged.

The infantile desire to withdraw from all possible foreign contacts and entanglements never ceases to baffle Lehman. Discussing this year's troops-to-Europe debate, Lehman says: "Why should we want to live alone and utterly isolated in the world even if that were possible? We would be cut off sentimentally, culturally, economically from all the rest of civilization. That would be not only selfish but unwise . . . I just do not understand these people who do not want to have friends and allies."

When Lehman was elected in 1949, some of the more hard-breathing liberals greeted his arrival with only the mildest enthusiasm. During his campaign, he had repudiated both the Brannan agricultural plan and the Truman health-insurance plan. Even those who remembered that he had driven through, against the wishes of a hostile legislature, a comprehensive program of reform and social-welfare legislation described by the AFL as "the best ever passed by any state administration," still felt that he might be of marginal influence in the hurly-burly of the Senate.

Considering his age, his cautious

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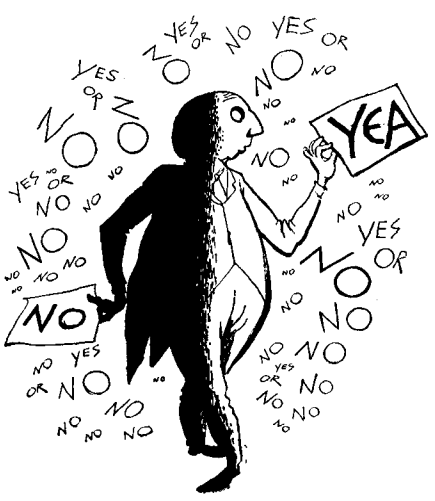

temper, and his moderate views on some issues, Lehman might well have become an honorable but undistinguished first-termer. He might have, that is, were it not that the McCarran-McCarthy faction constantly raises issues of a moral type.

Trying to win debates by hurling the "Communist" epithet, juggling the fate of displaced persons, playing isolationist politics with the defense of Europe—these are not ordinary issues.

So Lehman has been drawn into an increasing number of pitched battles, which in turn have brought to the fore all his latent fighting spirit.

The result has not been to endear him personally to many of his colleagues in the Senate. His solid reputation, his obvious lack of ambitions, Presidential or otherwise, and his complete independence of any pressure group make Lehman invulnerable to all the customary avenues of counter-attack. These factors plus his age, his unfailing dignity, and his transparent sincerity give to his arguments a kind of validity which is unnerving to a group of men more accustomed to transact business through easy compromise and club like congeniality.

The Price-Control Fight

Lehman reached the exploding point in the recent debates on the extension of the Defense Production Act. The price-control section of the law had been so clipped in committee, and still further on the floor, that by the time Senate action was finished it was doubtful if it combated inflation at all.

Again and again, Lehman and a small group of Senators, mostly Northern Democrats, rose to protest against the adoption of crippling amendments or to urge the strengthening of the bill —always in vain.

Determined to pass some kind of a bill, the Senate stayed in session throughout the night of June 28-29. Lehman rarely left the floor. He rose to protest almost every new amendment. He never missed a vote. Shortly after midnight, it was clear that all was lost. Lehman rose to speak.

He stood at his desk in the rear of the chamber. Two-thirds of the Senators were still present, but the galleries were almost empty. Eighty-two-year-old Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, already in the chair over five hours, blinked his eyes and rumbled:

"The Senator from New York is recognized for three minutes."

The gavel banged perfunctorily, Senators twisted in their chairs, and coughed impatiently. Lehman began:

"Mr. President, I have had a long public life. I was president of the senate of my state for four years. I was governor for ten years. I have been in the United States Senate going on two years. What I am about to say is not going to please my colleagues in the Senate. Yet I must say it."

As he spoke he moved down the aisle toward the presiding officer's rostrum.

"I came to the Senate in the belief which I had always held that it was the greatest deliberative body in the world. I still want to believe that. But certainly what has occurred in the last few moments and in the last few days makes me doubt it altogether. Here we are engaged in a life-and-death struggle, a struggle for survival against the most ruthless enemy in history, fighting on two fronts, on the military and on the economic. . . . Yet here I see and hear Senator after Senator rise, not to concern himself with the issues before us, but to play politics, to blast the administration, to attack those who have given up the comfort of their home towns and circles of friends and the profits of their businesses to come to Washington and to serve their fellow Americans. I tell you, Mr. President, it has made me heartsick to hear all this. It makes me feel that we are betraying the people who sent us down here, that we are not concerning ourselves with essential legislation, that we are not devoting ourselves to protecting the great masses of our people, but are moving to pass legislation which, far from reducing the cost of living, will inevitably increase and advance the cost of living.

"I say . . . that it is about time that we stopped that. It is about time that we stopped it, because if we do not, the people of the United States will feel that we are serving in a discredited body, a body which is not concerned with the interests of the people. . . ."

Magnificence in Defeat

Lehman's colleagues heard him out in a sullen silence. As he turned, this short, squat, sturdy man with the massive, bald head, and moved back to his seat with dignity, the chant rose:

"Vote! Vote!"

Three hours later, the Senate at last finished its debate and the clerk called the roll for the vote on final passage of the bill. When his name was called, Senator Benton of Connecticut voted "Present." When his name was called, Lehman voted "Present." Senators Taft, Wherry, and Hickenlooper objected and demanded that Benton and Lehman be forced to state their reasons. Under Rule XII, members can vote "Present" only with the consent of the Senate. But it is a rule that is honored only in the breach. No Senator had been forced to explain a vote of "Present" in over fifty years.

After the roll call, Lehman rose and explained that he did not wish to vote for the bill because it was inadequate, nor against it because no law at all would mean "economic chaos."

McKellar: "The question is, Shall

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the Senator, for the reasons assigned by him, be excused from voting?"

Wherry and several other Republicans stood simultaneously and demanded a record vote. The prospect of a vote, however, was not enough to satisfy Senator Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa.

He shouted: "Mr. President, a parliamentary inquiry."

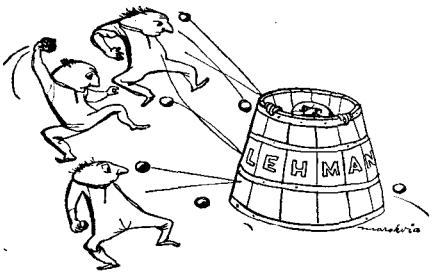
McKellar: "The Senator will state it."

Hickenlooper: "As I read rule XII, a Senator who asks to be permitted to vote 'Present' must assign his reasons for not voting."

McKellar: "The Senator is correct."

Hickenlooper: "I insist that the Senator from New York assign his reasons for not voting. I heard the typewritten speech which he has just made in anticipation of this move, but I see no reasons given in that statement."

Senator Brien McMahon shut off



Hickenlooper's attack by pointing out that he was out of order. After further confusion, McKellar ordered the roll to be called. By a 39-35 vote, Lehman was ordered to vote. Lehman's name was called again.

Lehman answered calmly: "Mr. President, I have given my reasons."

This threw those on the Republican side into a virtual frenzy. A score or more shouted: "No! No!"

Lehman repeated: "I have given my reasons."

Taft and Wherry, talking simultaneously, said: "A point of order! Yes or No! Yes or No!"

After another moment of yelling and gavel pounding, Lehman asked what the penalty was for not voting. Told there was none, he said:

"The Senator from New York does not wish to disregard the rules of the Senate, and therefore reluctantly votes 'Yea'."

Neither the desire to score a political "victory" nor the exhausting strain of the debate, nor even personal vindictiveness explains the fury Taft and Hickenlooper and others showed in their determination to extract a vote from Lehman. It seemed rather as if they needed his vote for some other reason. Was it because they felt it would serve as a kind of seal attesting that the bill they had concocted could not be as bad as he had said it was?

If so, they had paid Herbert Lehman the highest tribute of all.

Trotters: County Fair to Costello

George Morton Levy turned an old sport into a gold mine on an abandoned Long Island auto-race course

DON MANKIEWICZ

HARNESS RACING, like lacrosse, basketball, and logrolling, originated on the North American continent. It is the ancient sport of county fairs, in which the horses trot or pace while pulling small two-wheeled carriages called sulkies, so named because they have room for only one rider. Recently it has been developed into an enterprise capable of turning over an estimated $500 million each year, with commensurate profits for its promoters and managers, and with political influence appropriate to an undertaking of such magnitude.

George Morton Levy, a Long Island attorney whose financial dealings with Frank Costello, the well-known television straight man, were recently made known to the Kefauver committee, has contributed perhaps more than any other one person to this refinement of an old-fashioned game into a modern big business. Levy first suggested to a group of moneyed friends back in 1939 that harness racing could be a money-maker if the races were held at night for the benefit of enthusiasts who might be otherwise occupied during the day.

Levy and his friends took over a sprawling, pretzel-shaped, financially moribund auto-race course in Westbury, L. I., converted it into a half-mile trotting track, equipped it with lights, christened it Roosevelt Raceway, and watched Levy's prediction come true. Precise figures as to the capitalization and profits of the various racing associations—all of them under Levy's guidance—which have raced at Roosevelt Raceway are unavailable. But Levy was kind enough to tell the Kefauver committee that investors in the Old Country Trotting Association, the pioneer of night racing at Roosevelt Raceway, had found no cause to regret the original outlay. The purchaser of two hundred dollars' worth of common stock in 1941 now receives an annual dividend of $4,800. Precisely what this means in terms of capital appreciation

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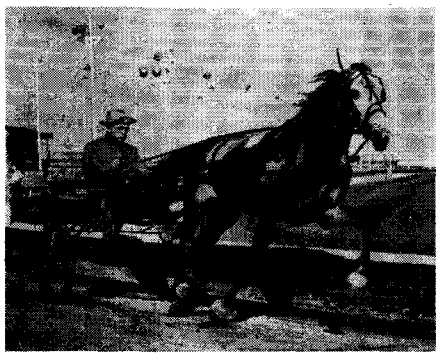


is difficult to say, for stock in the Old Country Trotting Association is quite understandably rarely offered for sale, and therefore no market price is available. The present value of the original two-hundred-dollar investment would probably be somewhere between $40,000 and $80,000.

Roosevelt Raceway, it should be pointed out, is by far the most successful of the score of such night trotting tracks now licensed in the United States. It attracts the fastest horses, the largest crowds, and the most money.

The Puritan Conscience

Harness racing began as an attempt to evade the New England blue laws, specifically legislation that forbade horse racing. The rationalization of its originators was based on the fact that a harness horse is obliged to adhere to a sedate and thoroughly artificial gait, either moving his two right legs and then his two left legs, in which case he is said to be "pacing," or else his left-front and right-rear and then his right-front and left-rear, in the gait called "trotting." The Puritan sportsmen argued convincingly that a horse pulling a vehicle at less than full speed could hardly be violating an anti-racing statute.

Harness racing thrived as an amateur sport in New England and on the frontier wherever New Englanders settled in large numbers. The track usually was a dirt road or even an ice-covered lake, and the horses were trained and driven by their owners. Wagering was not unknown, of course, but the racing itself was of primary importance and the betting secondary. The evolution of harness racing into a gambling device, in which the racing is incidental to the betting and in which the horses themselves are of no more importance than a roulette ball, was held back by difficulties which have not yet been entirely overcome.

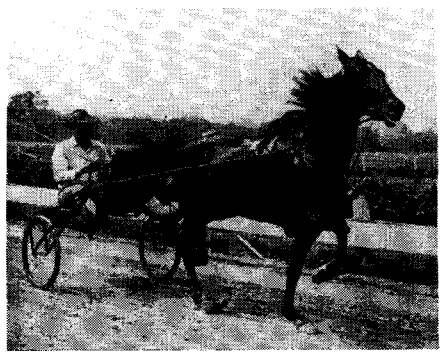
The very nature of the game would seem inimical to serious gambling because it can be too easily tampered with. A horse that goes too fast, exceeding his speed limit at the prescribed gait, breaks into a run, and "breaking" is a sin against the harness code. The driver of the offending animal must pull him up forthwith and return him to his pace or to his trot, as the case may be. Any ground gained while breaking is taken away from the horse after the race, and the judges are supposed to disqualify any horse that passes the finish post "on a break."

From a betting standpoint, this sort of thing makes for endless suspicion. A horse may break because the driver, ever zealous in the public interest, has inadvertently driven him beyond his speed limit. On the other hand, for all the spectator, better, or bookmaker can tell, the driver may have done it deliberately. Conversely, it sometimes happens that a horse trots or paces at a speed so slow as to be incompatible with his previous performances.

Harness racing may be more honest or less honest than that other kind of horse racing which harness folk call "flat racing" or "the runners." Each sport has its detractors. The verdict of those whose livelihood depends on correctly answering such questions has, however, been rendered. Bookmakers will not touch harness racing. "They cannot make enough money there to hurt a man," Costello succinctly told the Kefauver committee.

"A sensible bookmaker," a sensible bookmaker once told me, "has got to be afraid of the trotters for the same reason he's afraid of hockey and basketball." The reason is that wherever there is betting, miscreants will be tempted to "put in a fix," and, in the three named sports, the fix is very difficult to detect, and almost impossible to detect on the spot. Exposure of the truth days or months after the event —as in the recent basketball scandal— is of no value to a burned bookmaker.

The maintenance of public confidence is, of course, vital to the interest of the trotting-track entrepreneur, and to this end investigations are frequently conducted into alleged irregularities. Occasionally a doped horse is turned up, and those guilty are dealt with severely. But in the case of the driver



who goes too slow or too fast, no useful investigation is possible by stewards who are neither trained psychiatrists nor experienced detectives.

They're Off!

Another factor which inhibited the growth of commercial harness racing before the past decade was the matter of starting the races. Trotters and pacers cannot start from a standstill; they must be "worked" into their gait, and then they must be maneuvered into line while in motion. An even start is very difficult to obtain, given such restrictions. Yet, in a sport in which betting is important, every start must approach perfection, lest the management incur the wrath and lose the patronage of the backers of poor starters.

In the ante-Levy, daylight-racing era, the start of a trotting or pacing race involved nearly endless "scoring," a procedure in which the horses trotted (or paced) up and down near the proposed starting line until the starter, either satisfied with their alignment or bored by a series of failures, gave the word "Go!" and the race was on. A half hour or more might well be "wasted" at the start. ("Waste time" is a racing term referring to the time between the scheduled start of a race and the official announcement of the result. It is "wasted" because no betting can be done while it lasts.)

After 1939, as night trotting came into being, various starting gates were introduced, and a few of them have since been improved to such a degree that undue delay at the post is avoided and most of the contestants get away more or less together. The best of these gates is the Phillips Gate, named for its inventor, Steve Phillips, the starter at Roosevelt Raceway. The Phillips Gate consists of an open automobile with long collapsible wings at the rear. The horses maneuver behind the slowly

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moving automobile until they are evenly lined up. Then the wings collapse against the body of the car, the car pulls away, and a start that satisfies the betters is achieved.

'The Bite'

An individual better may win one day and lose the next, but the tax collector and promoters like Levy win every day. In the past eleven years, harness racing has paid the State of New York $35,113,049.07 in taxes, nearly all of it derived from night racing. The profit realized by the promoters is presumed to be something like twice this sum.

The source of all this income is the pari-mutuel take-out, which racegoers call "the bite." Pari-mutuel betting, with its accompanying bite, is firmly written into the basic law of the State of New York. It appears in Section 9 of Article I of the state constitution, right along with freedom of assembly and considerably ahead of universal suffrage. According to the pari-mutuel system, all bets are pooled and commissions are deducted from the total, one commission going to the state and another, of course, to the management; the balance is paid out to the winning betters. The operators of the system, with a creditable regard for the convenience of the betters, do not pay out any nickels or pennies, which might be a nuisance for the winners to carry around in their pockets. These odd bits of change, called "breakage," are divided between state and track. Breakage, which runs to about 1.5 per cent of the betting, amounts to about $8,000 a night at Roosevelt Raceway.

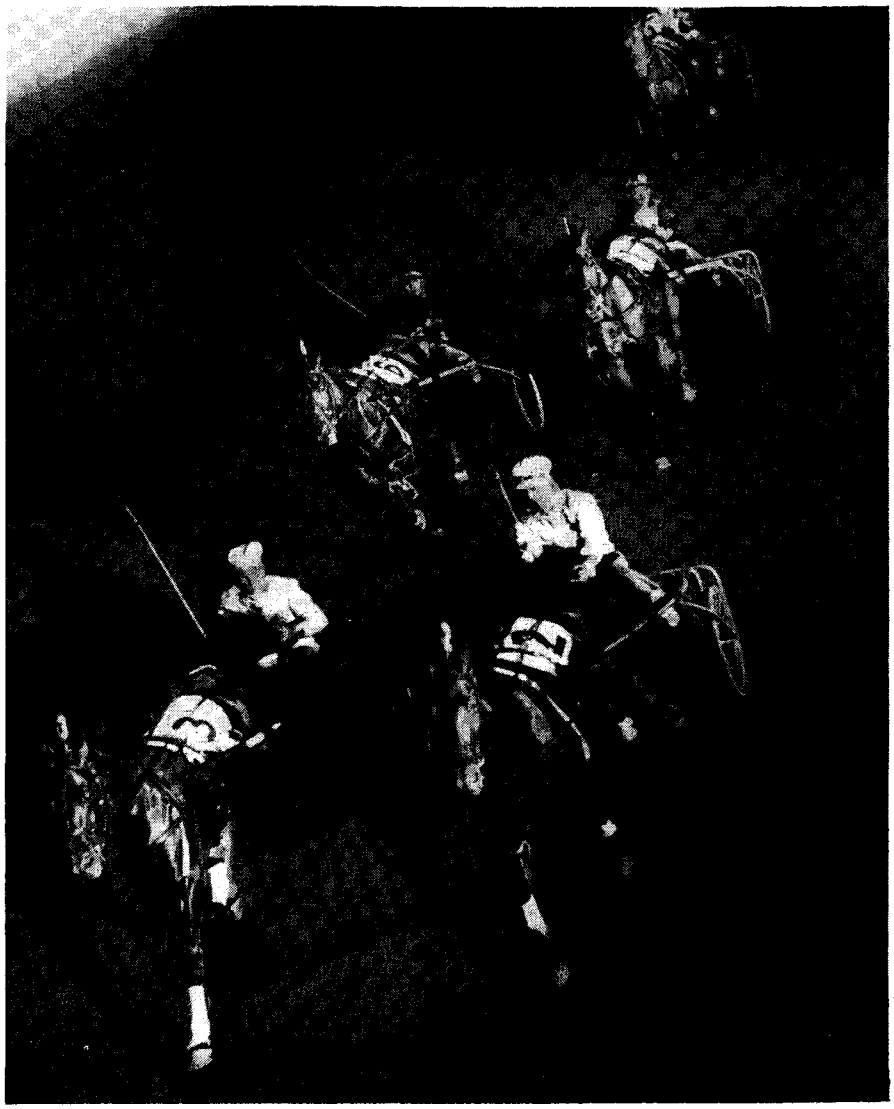
Trotting tracks are permitted to retain about twice as large a commission on the pari-mutuel pool as running tracks. The more favorable tax arrangement for the trotting tracks is called the George Morton Levy—in speaking of the tax, the *e* is short, in speaking of the attorney, long—a suitable honor for the man who is generally credited with having convinced the state legislature that trotting was an infant industry requiring special encouragement.

It is perfectly true, as Levy pointed out to the Kefauver committee, that night trotting associations tend to incur certain expenses not often found in comparable enterprises. For example, Levy found it necessary to pay Costello $15,000 a year to rid his track of bookmakers, although Levy's own police force assured him that the track was virtually free of bookmakers, and although Levy, by his own testimony, had no idea what Costello could have done to remove them even had they been there. Until 1949, when the Treasury Department disallowed these deductions as contrary to public policy, Levy claimed these payments as a business expense, and Costello showed them as income on his return.

The Sun Stood Still

The possibility of war and an accompanying dim-out leaves night trotting people relatively unmoved. The record of the last war supports their optimism. Again we refer to Levy's testimony before the Kefauver committee. By the terms of the 1942 dim-out, Levy told the committee, Roosevelt Raceway was required to cease all operations thirty minutes before "the meridian line of darkness." In order to meet this requirement, the track switched to twilight racing, the first race going off at 5:30 instead of the customary 8:40. "That," according to Levy, "was fatal."

Levy explained his troubles to the responsible authorities, after which, he said, "they moved the hour up, *the line of darkness was moved up* twenty or twenty-five minutes . . . [italics author's]. The net result of that was instead of being in the red, we would be in the black." Another result of this feat, certainly unequaled since Joshua's performance on the plains before Jericho, may have been the silhouetting of merchant ships against the glowing Long Island shoreline. Whether the use of the word "fatal" was justified and who the fatalities were remain unanswered questions.



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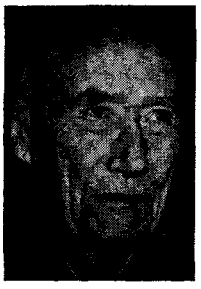
Gide's Journey

Always erratic, sometimes misled and misleading, he trod the tortured landscape of our times

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING



ANDRÉ GIDE. By Albert J. Guerard. Harvard University Press. $4.00

One way to enter —not very far— the tortured Gidean atmosphere— and rapidly get out of it—is to remember the fashionable bar of the Hotel des Bergues in Geneva as it was in the 1920's. Inside the bar there would be the too young, too handsome English lord; the French playwright who was a Belgian; the young lady from Cairo (for the sake of limericks); and, younger than the others, the Swiss boy who possessed a castle high in the hills, a white painted castle with turrets and blue-and-white wooden shutters on the windows, with a heron or some sort of heraldic bird painted on them, and beneath his castle cows grazed in the sloping meadows.

The Gidean Swiss

And so, of course, the Swiss boy lived in a furnished room in Geneva, far from his castle and his mother, studying the flute very seriously and, more seriously still, the works of André Gide, which he possessed in numbered first editions, several of them illustrated. Some of the illustrations were lovely enough, especially those (by Maillol, or was it Matisse, or someone else?) which pictured the young shepherd Corydon.

As an apprentice Gidean the young Swiss had set himself the task of becoming "wholly available" to all experience, like a window open to any breeze or smell. Then why, he asked, the flute rather than the piano, the bass drum, the bull fiddle, or the violin? Why the University of Lausanne, at which he made infrequent appearances, rather than the Sorbonne in Gide's Paris? Why, ultimately, one subject rather than another? And then of course there was the more arduous problem of sin and guilt. What desire to which he should have yielded had he instead suppressed? His companions in the bar of the Bergues were all too ready to assist him in the search, but, try as he might, he remained uninformed. He looked deep into his subconscious, recounted his dreams, consulted *The Immoralist* and *Lafcadio's Adventures* and *Fruits of the Earth,* in a most earnest effort to find trouble—which was near at hand. He yearned for confusion, uncertainty, and doubt. Lured by the sweet, the clear, the insidious voice of the master, he plunged into complications that he could not feel, into emotions that were not his. But he had a return ticket. His Bugatti was parked outside, and what he really liked to do was to drive fast cars and jump horses. So after a while he sold his first editions, got his degree at Lausanne, and—this is such a happy story—rode a winner in a military steeplechase, married, and returned to his castle.

It is a pity that when you think of Gide you think at once of young men —but that is the way he wanted it. The episodic appearance of the young Swiss is, of course, entirely unfair to him. It is true that his influence ruined many young men who saw in his message nothing more complicated than the famous *pecca fortiter* attributed to Luther—an encouragement to license. It is true also that his influence helped others. That is enough about young men.

The un-American Gide

Gide influenced adults and an adult country, France; his influence was great. An American asks why. As Mr. Guerard remarks, in the course of his sensible and informed essay, it is impossible to imagine an American André Gide. We like our novelists to be novelists—all of one piece. And as for "men of letters"—the term itself is un-American. We do not use it. Suppose an American writer spent sixty years (between his first book and his death) explaining in the theater, in novels, in autobiographical works, in letters to the press, that he was a homosexual; that he might or might not become a Catholic; that courts of law, or individuals, can never judge; that Negroes are oppressed; that a King might be a good thing, or perhaps Communism; that one should read Goethe when at war with Germany—an American writer who wandered so far afield from story telling would be considered a crank. Gide was terribly un-American. For, if Americans are sometimes very complicated, they do not make a career of being complicated. They do not acquire fame and influence by expressing in print—even if in perfect prose—a highly personal attitude toward public affairs

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together with a somewhat exhibitionist public attitude toward private affairs.

It is not the fact that Gide's political attitude—there is no space to discuss literary works—changed incessantly that matters. A private citizen is not obliged to be consistent—moreover, a private citizen lives and learns. What astonishes Americans is that every position Gide took, every hesitancy, every meticulous correction, every reversal was important to the French.

Dreyfus to Pétain

In 1898 he supported Dreyfus—for peculiar and aristocratic reasons. He was not fond of Jews; he was all for the Army and he thought that to maintain its moral authority and that of the state it would have been all right to subordinate whatever justice was due to Dreyfus the individual. But the army, he thought, had bungled the matter; the army was asking too many Frenchmen to be too stupid; it was asking Gide to be stupid—an impossible request. He joined the Dreyfusards. But, when the case was won, Mr. Guerard writes, "justice and truth were soon forgotten in the sordid scramble for spoils"; the intellectuals withdrew, and when some of them "proposed workers' universities and popular lectures on culture, others felt with Gide that this would irretrievably debase literature and art." In 1916—perhaps it was the war—Gide briefly joined the *Action Française,* hoping that "the royalists . . . could perhaps restore government by an élite"; agreeing with them that "wholesale 'leveling' led to tyranny." In 1921, "he explained that the war crisis had forced him to check his natural inclination to the Left, and argued that the time had come to demobilize intellects." In 1927, after a trip to the Congo, he wrote: "Henceforth a great lament inhabits me; I know things to which I cannot remain indifferent. What demon drove me to Africa? Why did I have to go there? I was at peace. And now I know. I have to speak out." He said he was a Communist—and found that he could not "speak out" and remain one. He ceased to be a Communist. When France fell, he was caught in his usual process of seeing the other side of any question; he was reading the German classics to keep his mind free of hate, and so Vichy—which Mr. Guerard acutely characterizes as the army's belated revenge for the Dreyfus defeat—seemed at first a tolerable climate. Gide wrote some very foolish and comfortable words about the folly of resistance, then began sniping at the Germans in book reviews, then withdrew to North Africa.

His political twists and turns are without consequence. His political action was never important or persistent or effective. He never led any group. He joined groups of one kind or another and then left them. He left them all. He was torn, Mr. Guerard points out, between a great desire to identify himself with other men in some common cause and an irrepressible need to remain isolated, mobile, contradictory, and personal.

Banality and Anguish

The sad thing is that Gide's attitude of total availability, his systematic refusal to choose—serious enough in politics and more deeply serious in religion—led him to final positions that are simply not very interesting. In politics, in the terrible matter of war and peace and social justice, he had, toward the end, nothing left to say. In religion—in the matter that once most deeply concerned him: "Once his own perplexities were solved," writes Mr. Guerard, "Gide settled into a banal religion of emergent evolution. . ." Whatever this may mean, it is the word "banal" that counts. It does not matter to us here whether the Catholics, Claudel and Mauriac, who tried to convert him were right, or whether Gide's Protestant mother, who saw him reject her faith, was right, or whether the atheists are right. What is sad is that Gide, after so many storms, reached a position that must be called banal. The fine apparatus of his work, the anguish revealed in his diaries—an anguish that became his delight, and a fatal delight—left this great moralist with no moral to tell. The long journey led nowhere.

But it passed through points of extraordinary interest, moral, religious, artistic, and political; it was made by a man with a clear mind and a compassionate heart who described it with flawless precision of language. The journey was through the landscape of our modern times. Gide's map serves us all.

FOR "the sheer pleasure of watching a subtle mind capture in words the most elusive of paradoxes."
(LESLIE A. FIEDLER)

FOR "a book so *fundamental* and so obviously written by someone in whom honesty was a kind of genius and whose genius was an untiring grasp of things usually hidden too deeply for us to acknowledge . . ."
(ALFRED KAZIN)

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Comrade Joe and the V.F.W.

The junior Senator from Wisconsin took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and invented a brand-new court

ROBERT K. BINGHAM

WHEN President Truman talked about "scaremongers and hatemongers" during a radio address not long ago, Senator Joseph R. McCarthy immediately claimed and got radio time for a rebuttal, even though the President had not mentioned McCarthy by name. Similarly, when Secretary of Labor Maurice Tobin spoke in New York before the fifty-second annual encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars about "irresponsible slander from the privileged sanctuary of the Senate of the United States" his audience had no trouble guessing which Senator the Secretary had in mind. One of the veterans was on his feet in an instant, suggesting "that we invite Comrade Joe McCarthy here to give us the other side of the story," and McCarthy flew in from Boise the next day.

Before McCarthy arrived at the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor, the veterans busied themselves with routine convention matters: presenting plaques to public officials who had helped veterans, listening to committee reports, affirming that they were "one hundred per cent behind this Indian boy, to see that he gets a decent burial," and voting to demand the removal of the Secretary of State.

Enter Joe

The stage having thus been well set, McCarthy made his arrival at ten minutes after four, preceded down the aisle by an honor guard that protected him from veterans who pressed forward to shake his hand. McCarthy, wearing an overseas cap like the rest of the conventioners, blinked in the roar of applause and the glare of flashbulbs. He waved and smiled at all those who caught his eye.

"Give those Reds hell!" shouted someone from one of the balconies. "McCarthy for President!" was heard from the back of the hall. Still blinking, McCarthy smiled, swallowed several times, and waited for the ovation to subside. "A young man was on this stand, was it yesterday or the day before?" McCarthy began. "He had some things to say about McCarthy, I understand. Let me say this: I hold no ill feelings whatsoever. I think he is a fine young gentleman. I think he is a fine young gentleman who was ordered to do a job and he did that job."

Having taken care of the Secretary of Labor, who is nearly nine years older than he is, McCarthy moved on to the heart of the matter. "I would, instead of indulging in general statements here today, I would like, if I may, I would like to give you a few of the issues we have discussed. The cases, if you please, that have been smeared by 'McCarthy' and 'McCarthyism,' these cases discussed on the Senate floor, after which the bleeding heart elements of press and radio have screamed to high heaven, 'McCarthy is doing this under the cloak of Congressional immunity.'" With the air of a magician pointing out that he has nothing up his sleeves, McCarthy said, "There is no immunity that surrounds this podium here today." There was considerable applause. The Senator—or rather, McCarthy, as he prefers to be called, even by himself—had a way of growling over important syllables that was effective with the veterans. They often chuckled at his inflection while applauding his sentiments.

Harris & Ewing

Secretary Maurice Tobin

Citing the McCarran committee as "the first good breath of clean fresh air we have seen in Washington in a long time," McCarthy went on to speak of the "sellout" of China: "There, my friends, there was signed the death warrant, the death warrant of every American boy who has died in Korea since the 26th of June. There was signed the death warrant of every American boy who will die tomorrow in Indo-China and on the sands of Arabia, and in the streets of Berlin and Paris on the day after that. So much for the general picture."

McCarthy next took up "the case of one of those whom I consider most dangerous to our country." Philip Jessup, who "belonged to—or I should say was affiliated with—not one, not two, not three, not four, but five Communist front organizations," exercised, according to McCarthy, "editorial control of the publication, officially named, not by McCarthy, but named by legislative committees as a front for a foreign power doing the work of the Communist party." From time to time one of McCarthy's assistants handed him books and papers which he held up to demonstrate the authenticity of

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his statements. Only once or twice did he actually read from these documents; he preferred to give his own summaries of the contents.

"I have checks, my good friends, checks totalling thousands of dollars of Communist money used to support this publication. . . . You people don't mind if I take off my coat, do you?" There were cries of "no, no," which turned into laughter and enthusiastic applause when he rolled up his shirt sleeves. "Take off your shoes, Joe!" shouted a voice from the balcony. McCarthy smiled up at the balcony and said "Thank you." Clearly McCarthy was among friends.

He'd Go A-Courting

Returning to Secretary Tobin's suggestion that if McCarthy really had any evidence he should take it to court, McCarthy admitted, "I personally don't know how to get Philip Jessup into a court." But he offered an alternative. "If the President's spokesmen have some way of getting Philip Jessup or Dean Acheson before a court," he said, tossing the ball back into the enemy's camp, "I will make them this offer. Let's place the stakes high. Let's place the stakes high. I'm taking them up on their offer. They made their threat: 'Let's throw it into cross-examination.' All right, let's do it. Let's get them before twelve men and twelve women in any jury room, if they are willing to submit either the Jessup or the Acheson case to a jury any place in this nation. And I will be glad to present the case against them and they can have as many lawyers as they want to defend them. We will let the jury decide. . . . If that jury, if that jury says, 'No, McCarthy, you are wrong. They are good Americans as they claim to be,' then I will do the thing that they were hoping they could accomplish for a long time. Then I will resign from the United States Senate—on condition that if the jury finds what I say is true and those people are bad for America, that then the whole motley crowd will resign!"

McCarthy had already spoken for about half an hour but he seemed to be just warming to his subject. "I'm sorry to take so much of your time," he said, "but I came a long way to see you." He asked if they wanted more, and they shouted back that they wanted more. "Give it all to us, Joe!" one man shouted. "McCarthy for President!" exclaimed another.

Wide World

'Take off your shoes, Joe!'

L'Affaire Duran

Next McCarthy proceeded to work over an individual named Gustavo Duran, whom he described as "a man who was high in the State Department and then finally promoted to the United Nations, and upon the recommendation of the State Department." McCarthy spoke of an Army intelligence report showing "that Mr. Duran, while in Europe where he was born, was head of the S.I.M. That was a counterpart of the Russian secret police." It is perhaps natural that, in the tension of the moment, many listeners understood McCarthy to say that Duran was head of the Russian secret police. The New York *Daily News* account of the speech reported that "McCarthy held up a picture for his V.F.W. audience and said it was Duran in the uniform of the Russian secret police." The stenographer's notes indicate that McCarthy referred only to "the uniform of the secret police."

According to McCarthy, Duran went on from his post in an unidentified secret police to a job in the United Nations, where "his task was to screen displaced persons and decide which would make good loyal Americans."

Much of the remainder of the speech was devoted to quotations against McCarthy from the *Daily Worker* and other Communist publications. McCarthy indicated that he would not be intimidated by "the *Daily Worker*, the *Compass*, the New York *Post*, and other elements of the conservative press."

"As my mother once said," he remarked with a grin, " 'Joe is too dumb to quit anything he starts.' "

In conclusion, McCarthy made it clear that his position was nonpartisan. He said that he was "much disturbed by the attitude of some of the members of my own party." He meant particularly "those who say, 'Let's conduct a safe campaign. Let's be little gentlemen,' " and he warned earnestly, "You can't fight this State Department crowd with a lace handkerchief." McCarthy feels that "loyal Democrats must defeat this Administration of which they have lost control." The Administration's momentum carries it onward, said McCarthy, and he quoted an appropriate passage from Shakespeare's *Macbeth* to show what he meant. *"I am in blood,"* the Senator declaimed, *"stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o'er."*

The Reversible Admiral

A press conference was scheduled to take place a few minutes after the speech in a screened-off area directly behind the platform. A large, bald man, whom everyone called "the admiral," seemed to be in charge. "He'll be right down," said the admiral. "He just went up to change his shirt and to take a small libation."

"Who paid McCarthy's freight for this junket?" one reporter asked.

"Oh, he paid his own way. We didn't pay a cent," said the admiral.

"I was going to say, if he charged you for that speech, you could get your money back," said the reporter laconically. The admiral looked at the reporter with something bordering on amazement. "Yes," he said, breaking into an uneasy smile, "yes, I guess you're right."

The admiral sat on the edge of a desk around which collapsible chairs were being arranged. "Yes," he said, "I guess it's like a friend of mine said the other day at the National Press Club in Washington. He said it's a case of fifty-fifty. He's about fifty per

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cent right and fifty per cent wrong, and he doesn't even slow down for the fifty per cent he's wrong about. I tell you, I don't think he has time. The people around him just keep feeding him on red meat. They feed him all this red meat, and he doesn't even have time to think. He has to keep on spouting it out." The admiral assured newcomers that McCarthy would be right down. "He went up to change his shirt and to take a small libation."

"What about a small libation for the working press?" one reporter asked.

The admiral laughed. "Yes," he said, "I guess that's right."

The Press Conference

The honor guard still surrounded McCarthy when he arrived at the press conference. All of the reporters remained seated in their collapsible chairs while McCarthy walked through them and took his place behind the desk that had been prepared for him. A member of the honor guard in a sailor's uniform took a cigarette away from one reporter, snuffed it out in an ashtray, and carried the ashtray out of the screened-in area.

"What about this Duran, Senator?" one reporter began. "That's about the only new name you mentioned today, wasn't it?" McCarthy, who spoke very quietly to the reporters and smiled constantly even when their questions seemed to be a little pointed, admitted that he had mentioned Duran several times before. One member of the honor guard poured three little fruit glasses full of water and set them before the Senator, who drank sips from them alternately and moved them around the surface of the desk like the three shells under which a lucky guesser might hope to discover a pea.

"What is this S.I.M. he was in?" a reporter asked.

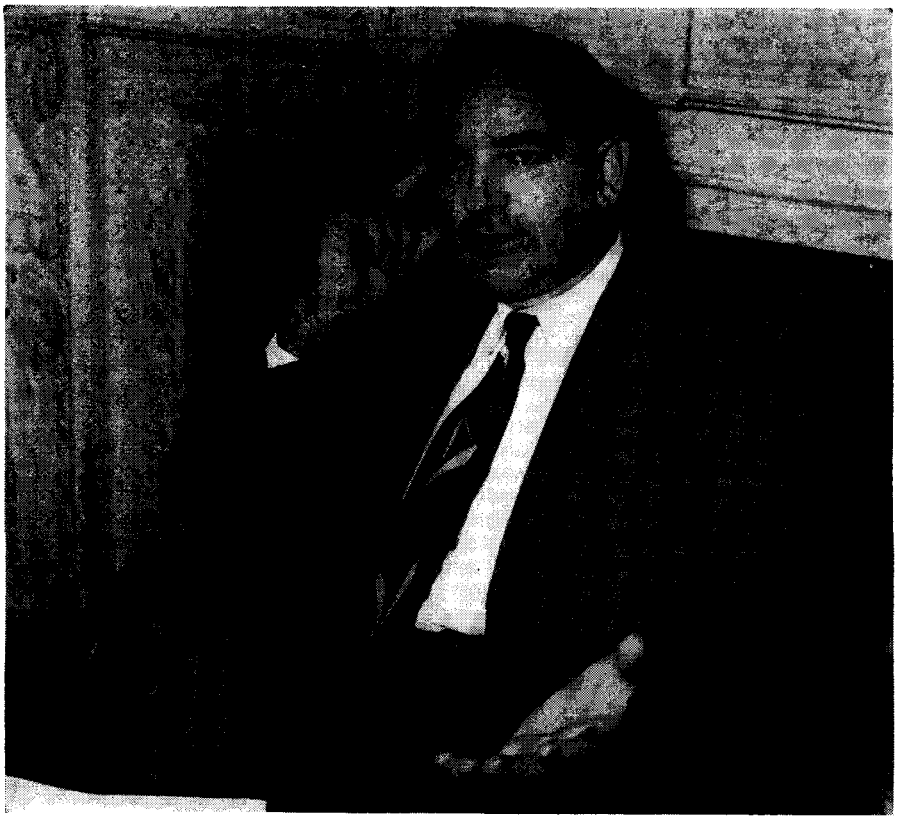
"That's the secret police in Spain," McCarthy said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"You mean he worked for Franco?"

"On the contrary," said McCarthy, smiling, "he was on the other side during the Spanish Civil war, in opposition to Franco."

"Now, Senator," said another reporter, "what kind of job has he got in the U.N. that makes him responsible for screening D.P.'s for American citizenship?"

"That was the IRO," replied McCarthy.



Harris & Ewing

McCarthy: 'I don't have the staff to go into it that far . . .'

"What has the IRO got to do with deciding who's to become an American citizen?"

McCarthy shifted his weight in his chair. "I don't have the staff to go into it that far," he said.

A few days later a *Reporter* staff member was told by U.N. officials—in telephone calls taking up less than twenty minutes—that the IRO had no authority to pass on the political reliability of displaced persons, and that although he had once worked for the State Department, Duran, now an employee of the U.N. Secretariat, had never worked for the IRO anyway.

The reporters wanted to know more about McCarthy's way of answering Tobin's challenge. "They're asking you to charge them with a specific crime," a reporter remarked, "and now you're telling *them* to take it to court. How can *they* take it to court? What will the charge be?"

"No, no, no," McCarthy said, indicating that the reporter had missed the point entirely. "You can't charge them with a specific crime. What I'm saying is that they're good for Russia, bad for America."

"Well, if you've really got something, why don't you go to the nearest district attorney and file charges?"

McCarthy was firm on that point. "As long as the Attorney General is controlled by the Administration, I wouldn't have a chance."

A member of the honor guard reminded the Senator that he had a train to make.

Smoke and Fire

In the hotel bar, the veterans were standing two and three deep, wearing uniforms that they had worn when they were younger. "Howsaboy?" one asked another. "Howsaboy?" was the answer.

"I say we never should have gotten mixed up in a political question in the first place," said one portly veteran. "But once that young fellow got into the subject of politics, we had to hear both sides. Hear both sides, that's what I say. Hear both sides, and then make up your own mind. Besides," he went on in a lower tone, "I think this fellow today must have something or he wouldn't keep at it the way he has. Take the case of that Russian who's in the State Department deciding which D.P.'s can become American citizens. Where there's smoke there's fire, I say. Where there's smoke there's fire."

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Haiti: Farm people of the remote interior (see page 17)

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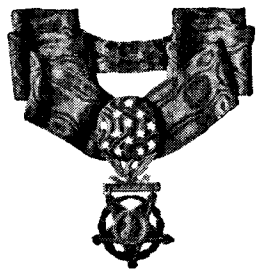
Medal of Honor



Major General William F. Dean, of Berkeley, California—Medal of Honor. In the hard early days of the Korean War, when it was Red armor against American rifles, General Dean chose to fight in the most seriously threatened parts of the line with his men. At Taejon, just before his position was overrun, he was last seen hurling hand grenades defiantly at tanks.

General William Dean knew in his heart that it's every man's duty to defend America. You know it, too. The General's job was in Korea and he did it superbly well. Your defense job is here at home. And one of the best ways to do that job is to start right now buying your full share of United States Defense* Bonds. For remember, your Defense Bonds help keep America *strong*, just as soldiers like General Dean keep America safe. And only through America's strength can your nation . . . and your family . . . and you . . . have a life of security.

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Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy U. S. Defense Bonds now!

*U.S. Savings Bonds are Defense Bonds - Buy them regularly!

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